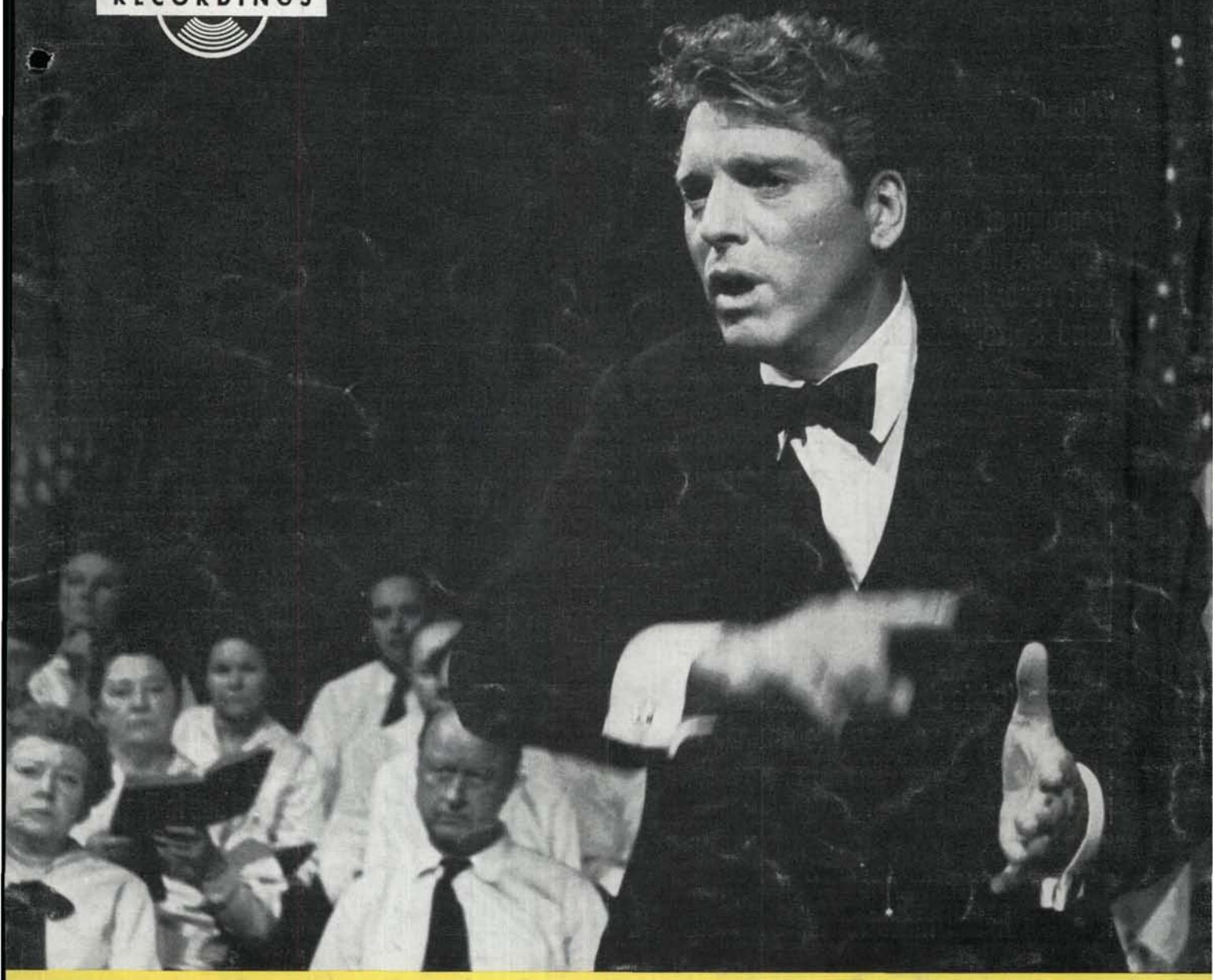
Saturday Review

JUNE 25, 1960 / 25¢

RECORDINGS



Burt Lancaster in the title role of "Elmer Gantry" (SEE MOVIES)

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EARLY DAYS WITH DELIUS, by Sir Thomas Beecham

THE INDUSTRY THAT DISDAINS SUCCESS, by Curtis G. Benjamin

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The supreme collaboration between movie maker and composer came with Eisenstein's film, "Alexander Nevsky." So successful was the music that Prokofieff transformed it into a cantata. This superb performance marks the first truly modern recording of the work, as well as its debut appearance in stereo.

NEW RED SEAL HITS OF THE GOLDEN 60's

In Living Stereo or regular L. P.

"Appalachian Spring" is probably the single most popular concert work by a living American. What could be better, then, than this first recording of the score conducted by Copland himself. The album also features an important record premiere: the lyrical "Tender Land Suite," based on Copland's opera.

With such singers as Milanov, Di Stefano, Warren, Elias and Tozzi assembled for a recording of this opera, something remarkable was bound to happen. Happen it did, in this production. This is music of vast beauty, even for Verdi, and the performances project it magnificently. 2-L.P. abridged version.

It was a "wondrous love," indeed, and purest grace that inspired the known and unknown creators of these authentic American hymns. Over 200 years are spanned in this album. Some selections came to America with the first colonists; many are still in widespread use in the South. The Robert Shaw settings admirably preserve the true spirit of these rare liturgical treasures.

Opera ballet is designed to relax audiences, rather than to advance the drama. Thus it gives us diverting, colorful scores. Here, in lifelike sound, are enchanting ballets from "Aïda," "Samson and Delilah," "William Tell," and "Khovantchina," interpreted by reigning ballet maestro Anatole Fistoulari.

Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony offer definitive readings of noble Russian works. Orchestra Hall, where this was made, imparts a majestic sound that is eminently right! The program: Moussorgsky's "Night on Bare Mountain," Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave," Borodin's "Polovski March," three others.

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(Advertisement)

Doubleday, the publishers of Anchor Books, has just launched another new line of paper volumes known as Dolphin Books.

The name comes from the Doubleday colophon, which shows a dolphin entwined around an anchor, and the new volumes have the same pleasing format as the earlier series. Dolphin Books are distinguished from other paper books by the basic design of a large white U on the front cover and by different colors to identify different classes of books. Blue, for fiction, is the color occurring most frequently, but there are also colors for such other categories as poetry, philosophy, history and mysteries.

Among the first 50 titles now on sale are such contemporary books as Don Marquis' "archy and mehitabel," Bruce Catton's "Mr. Lincoln's Army," Margery Allingham's "Black Plumes," and "Our Friend James Joyce," by Padraic and Mary Colum.

In addition there are many of the world's great classics, some of them not previously available in paper: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge, "The Rubaiyat," "Northanger Abbey *and* Persuasion," Thomas Paine's Common Sense *and* the Crisis," and Poe's Tales of The Grotesque and Arabesque."

Dolphin Books are priced at 95¢ and $1.45 and may be found at all stores carrying quality paperbacks. A postcard addressed to me in care of Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. will bring you a complete list of Dolphin titles, together with the titles of books in other Doubleday paper series, including Anchor, the Science Study Series and Image Books.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Dolphin Books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 2 West 39th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

Saturday Review

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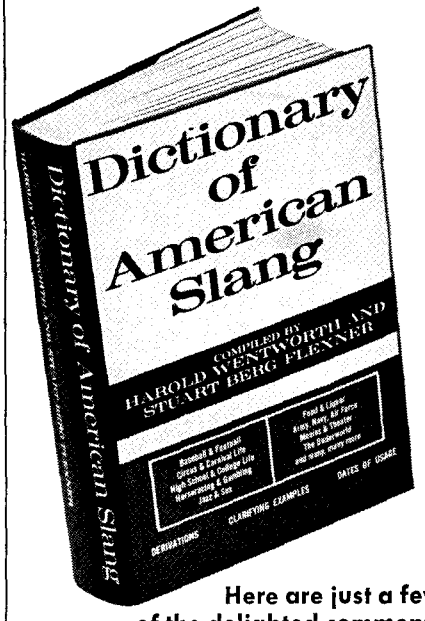

Here are just a few of the delighted comments from early readers (yes, this is a dictionary you will find yourself reading):

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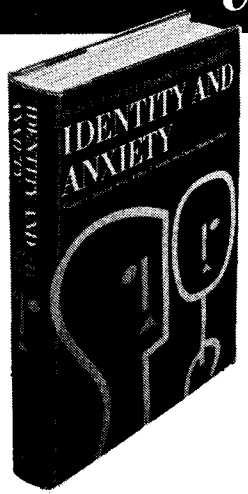

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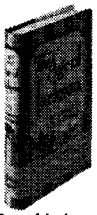

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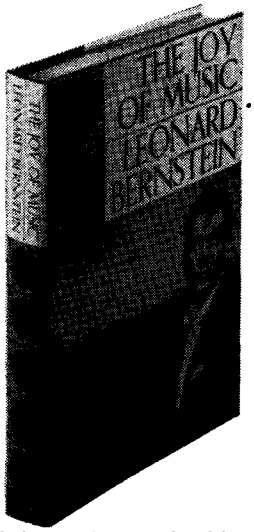

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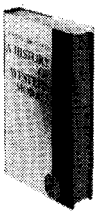

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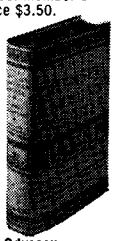
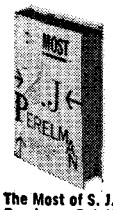


The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, Nikos Kazantzakis. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.



The Most of S. J. Perelman. Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.

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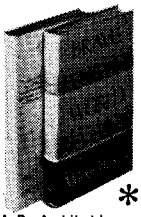

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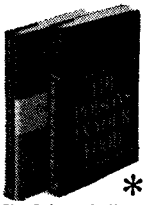

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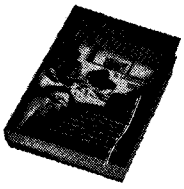

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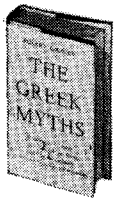

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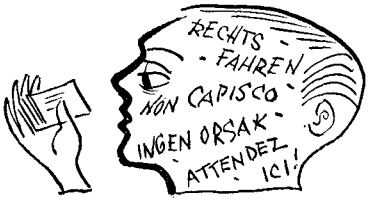
TRADE Winds

IN THE PROCESS of printing the jacket for Nirad C. Chaudhuri's new book, "A Passage to England," the publishers did the inevitable: A portion of the jacket (now corrected) referred to the book as "A Passage to India"—possibly because E. M. Forster, who wrote the book of the latter title, is one of the new book's most enthusiastic supporters.

THE PROPER ETIQUETTE procedure when a table leg breaks has now been established. Amy Vanderbilt's maid left a note when this happened recently. It read: "One of the kitchen table legs broke off. When I see you, I'll tell you which one."

IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S most elegant restaurants, the maître d' sat down to have his own meal, in a far, dark corner. Carefully, and with deliberation, he wiped every knife, fork, and spoon with his napkin before he took the first mouthful. . . . At last, thanks to Oxford University Press's "East African Explorers" (the newest volume in the World Classics Series), we can learn just exactly what Dr. Livingstone said in reply to Mr. Stanley's famous remark, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

The answer was: "Yes."



MODERN PACKAGING continues at an accelerated pace. The A. B. Turnword Company, of Djursholm, Sweden, is now publishing "Boxed Languages," distributed in this country by Taplinger.

Each box (German, Swedish, French, Italian, Spanish) contains 300 small cards with a foreign phrase on one side, the translation on the other. You are advised to "inwardly digest" ten cards a day in order to learn the language.

We have already memorized the first card we came across in the Italian box: *"Non ho denaro con me."*

Translation: "I have no money on me."

JESSICA MITFORD, who writes disarmingly about her rebellion against her aristocratic English family in "Daughters and Rebels," tells this story of her father, not included in the book:

"Father had an enormous library," she told us. "It had come down through our family for generations. But he never read a book! I asked him about this one time, and he confessed that he had read 'White Fang,' by Jack London.

" 'Damn good book,' he said. 'Enjoyed it. Don't see any point in reading another.' "

RICHARD FREDE, author of the recent novel "The Interns," has the distinction of *not* being a physician writing about his own experiences. His book is the result of exhaustive research, in which he consulted more than fifteen doctors.

But Frede may be an exception, for the list of medical men in literature is long and distinguished. Rabelais was the house physician of the Hotel Dieu in 1532. Oliver Goldsmith practised in Southwark. John Keats was a surgeon's apprentice. Oliver Wendell Holmes got his M.D. degree in 1836; Chekhov in 1884.

On the modern scene, Warwick Deeping studied medicine; A. J. Cronin practised in London and was a Medical Inspector of Mines; and Frank Slaughter attended Johns Hopkins Medical School.

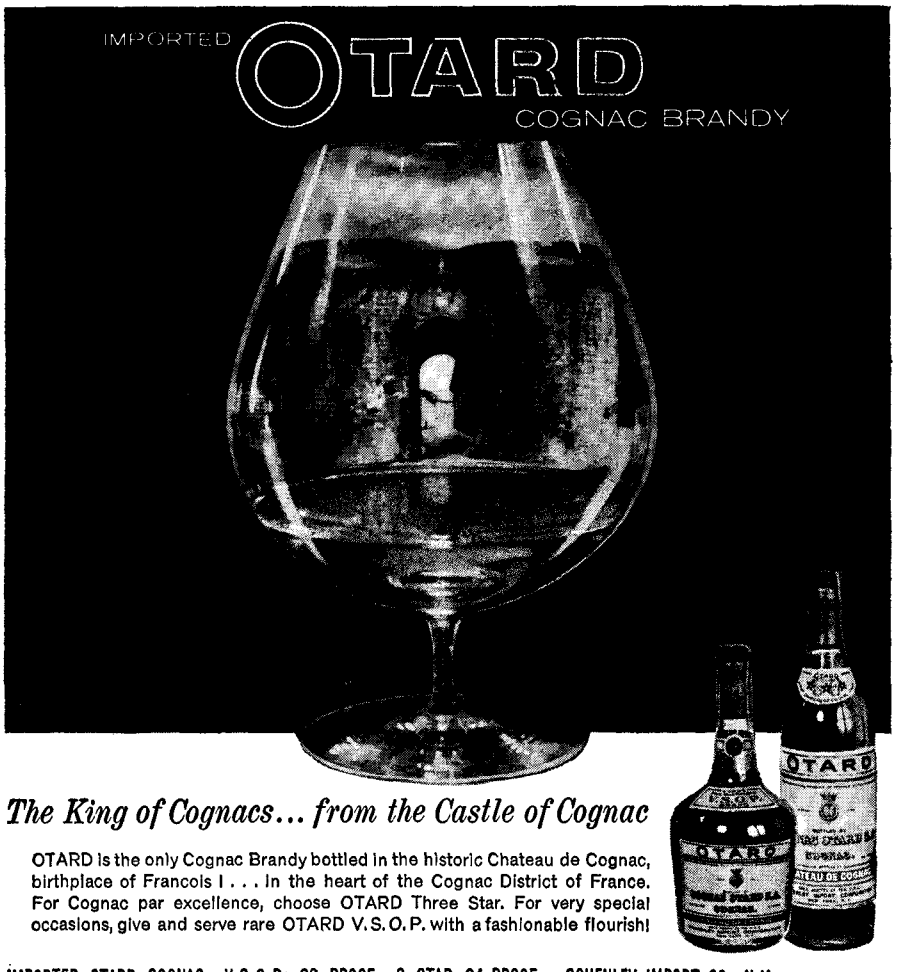
ROBERT FROST, looking springy and vital, was feted recently at the Grolier Club, in honor of the publication of Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's delightful biography "Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence."

As we were talking with him, a friend approached to ask how he was doing.

"Too damn well!" Frost replied.

"I've been trying to figure a way to engineer my way out of this world for some time now, but with no luck at all. I've gone into three steady declines—but I'm *damned* if I can stay down!"

THE GROLIER CLUB setting was a distinguished one for the occasion. Founded in 1884 for the purpose of furthering



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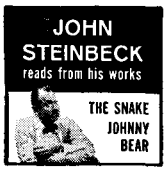
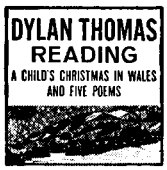


2. Two of the Pulitzer Prize-winner's more sinister stories

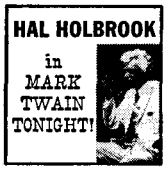


3. Includes: Fern Hill, In the White Giant's Thigh, etc.

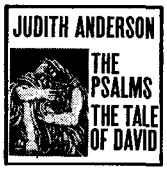
4. A Mad Tea Party, The Pool of Tears, Pig and Pepper, etc.

5. Mason gives an inspired reading of this biblical work

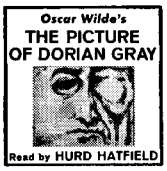
6. The Raven, Eldorado, Annabel Lee, The Black Cat, etc.



7. "... uproariously funny ... pungently wise"—Time

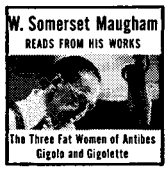


8. She "breathes life into every word" — Players Magazine



9. A sensitive portrait of Mr. Wilde's memorable character

10. Ode to the West Wind, Adonais, To a Skylark, 5 others



11. Maugham reads 2 of his most urbane, charming stories

ANY 5

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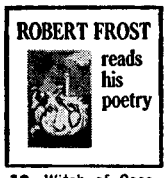
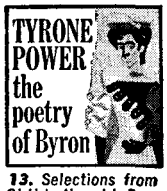
"The human side of Lincoln — depicted with love and tenderness"—NewYorkTimes

26 & 27 *Two-Record Set

A distinguished cast, lead by Michael Redgrave, re-enacts Shakespeare's immortal play



12. *Witch of Coos,* The Pasture, Death of a Hired Man, etc.



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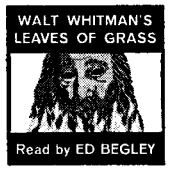

14. Begley vividly recreates this "portrait of America"

15. A brilliant dramatization of this epic biblical work

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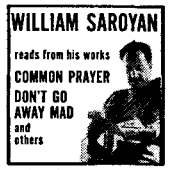

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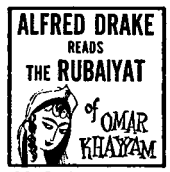

22. Drake reads Edward Fitzgerald's famous translation

23. Old King Cole, There Was a Crooked Man, many others

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I accept your offer and have circled below the numbers of the five spoken-word records I wish to receive for $1.97, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division:

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☐ Listening & Dancing		☐ Stereo Popular
☐ Jazz		

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15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24&25* 26&27*

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If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in below:

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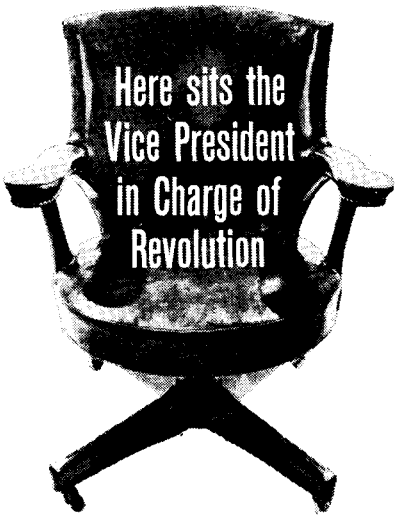

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By MURRAY D. LINCOLN,

as told to David Karp

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"the literary study and promotion of the arts entering into the production of books," it has a library containing over 30,000 volumes and valued at more than $200,000. Its bibliographical collection is one of the finest in the country. The library, incidentally, is open to the public.

JUST ABOUT THE TIME this column will appear, New York City's answer to Disneyland will be in full swing. Some weeks ago, we visited the site of Freedomland, a sprawling 205-acre lot carved out of swampy meadow in the shape of the map of the United States. We entered the area somewhere in the vicinity of the Michigan peninsula, and within seconds we were smack in the middle of Old Chicago, where the Freedomland operators are promising a genuine reproduction of the famous fire every twenty minutes. So accurate is the reproduction of the old Chicago buildings that you feel you might very well be back in the time of Mrs. O'Leary and her cow. In addition, some of the burned-out ruins, carefully created for effect, are so realistic you feel the urge to back away quickly. Tacked on one of the old Chicago buildings was a very functional modern sign: TO REPORT REAL FIRE, USE PHONE IN THIS BUILDING.

It's a pleasant walk of a minute or so from Chicago to Little Old New York, and we ducked out of the way of an incongruous 1960 Chrysler roll-

ing along the ancient streets, full of executives on their way to lunch.

Rambling at random, we passed a narrow-gauge Sante Fe train of the 1800s (one of the many rides available) filled with sprawling workmen eating box lunches. In a few moments, somewhere in Virginia, we found ourselves surrounded by Union and Confederate soldiers, aiming rifles at us in stony silence. We were relieved to find that they were mannequins, although so real in appearance as to make you want to take the pledge. More startling were the workmen at lunch in a Civil War trench, scattered in among the mannequins, creating an eerie half-live, half-dead effect on the battlefield. One of them (workmen, that is) explained to us that the visitors will ride through the battlefield in carriages, as bedlam breaks loose from the electrical rifles and cannons on each side.

"It's *inspiring* to work on this," he

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It is announced:

A new publishing house
has been formed.

It will publish books of
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in association with—

The Viking Press

First books will be
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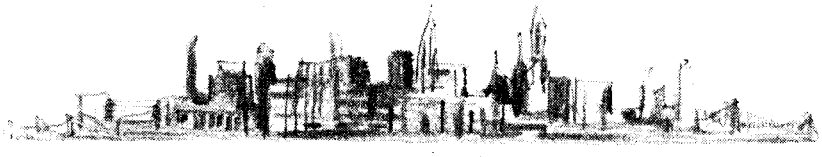
Winter 1960-1961.

The name and imprint are—



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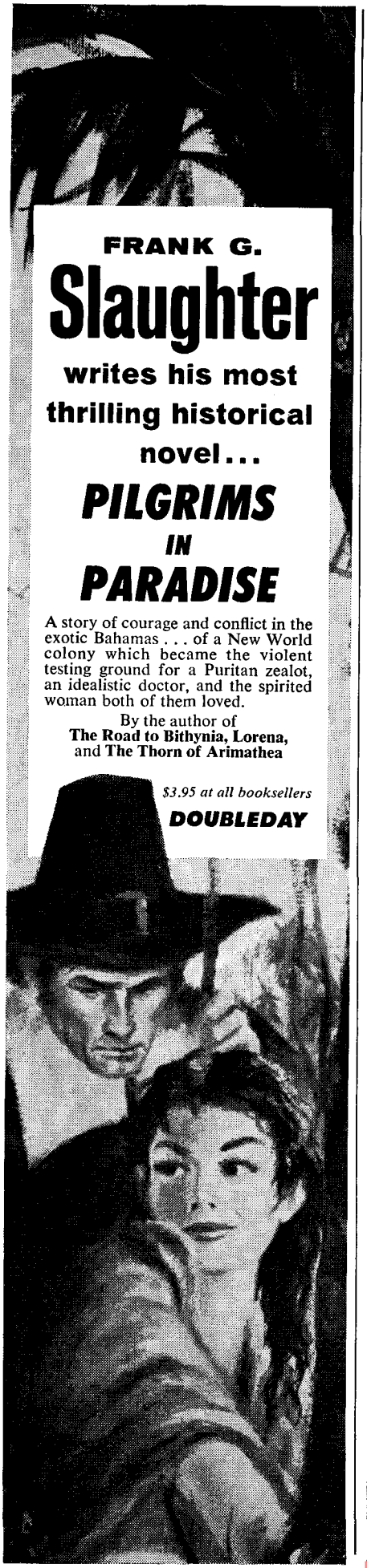

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PILGRIMS IN PARADISE

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DOUBLEDAY

told us, and bit heartily into a salami sandwich.

"Don't get picked up by them snipers!" another one called to us, as we left the area, then whisked through Old New Orleans (where there will be a practically constant Mardi Gras), on through the adobe country, and into San Francisco, where the public will be rocked by a full-scale earthquake at intervals, to the accompaniment of ingeniously designed buildings that topple mechanically. Since the old earthquake period did not include San Francisco's new beatnik earthquake, we failed to find any espresso shops, toppled or otherwise.

Along the Northwest Passage, we found Indians ready to slaughter us at the drop of an electronic eye, which they will do when the tourists' boat winds through its artificial river. Climbing electric bear cubs and falling log bridges are also part of the scheme.

We were stopped by an in-the-flesh guard, a Tom Deane of the Bronx, who came out from behind a war canoe to check our press credentials, and then went on to tell us about a plastic owl in the tree immediately above us.

"This is the craziest thing you've ever heard," he said. "Every day—a dozen times a day—a crow lands on that branch, creeps up on that plastic owl, and pecks the daylights out of it. It's a one-man war, all its own.

"And just about a week ago, one of the boys here went by the storehouse, saw forty Rebel soldier dummies, and told me: 'What do you know about that—forty Confederate soldiers, and not a Union Card among 'em.'"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1369)

BLANCHE K. FREEMAN:

WALLS
(Suggested by Mrs. Charles Field)

"Life is a wall," you fret?
Well, then
A wall may be a friendly bulwark,
Warding off
Wild seas, or unguessed enemies. . . .
A wall may yield shade and a resting-place
After hot strife.
Why do you "butt your head against it"
When you might cover it with roses?

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CHRISTMAS CARDS

A distinctive new group of fifty-three cards from the Museum's own collections—Masterpieces of painting and sculpture, illuminated medieval manuscripts in precious colors, Victorian Christmas illustrations, enamels on gold, embroidered silks, ivories, and works of art from ancient Greece, India and Japan.

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art
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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed (E)

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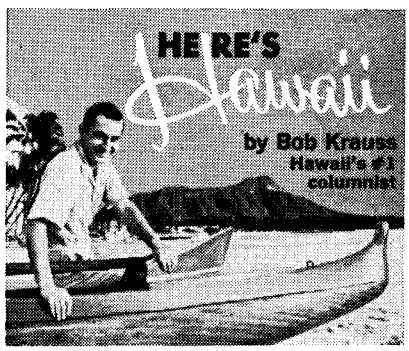

Introduction by JAMES A. MICHENER. "A *must* book for anyone at all interested in Alohaland." —H. ALLEN SMITH. $4.50
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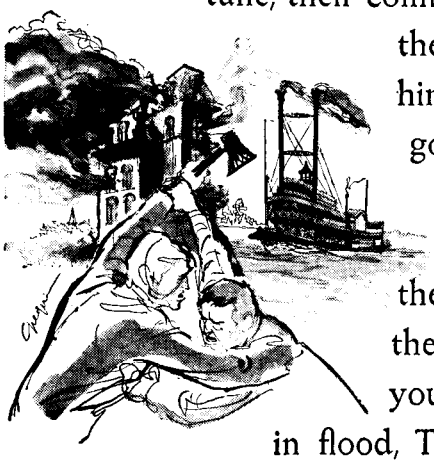
TO all who love inspired storytelling Simon and Schuster is proud to present Henry Morton Robinson's new novel—his first since *The Cardinal.*

WATER OF LIFE—huge, daring, enthralling—is concerned with the full spectrum of man's goodness and depravity. It explores the essence of American life through three generations. It presents three magnificent heroes—the Woodhull men, commanding, passionate, the founders of a great whiskey-making dynasty.

The story of the Woodhulls—their pursuit of love and fortune, their combat with enemies worthy of their mettle—carries the reader across time and the continent; shows him an Indiana farm in the glow of America's golden age, the pleasure palaces of the demi-monde in the 80's; princes of enterprise—their feuds exploding in the halls of Congress; the opulent Queen City of Cincinnati, the brawling backwoods, gilded Harvard youth playing at power, the Mississippi in flood, Times Square flowing with "last-drink" whiskey on the Walpurgisnacht eve of Prohibition. Out of passion and conflict you see the American character forged, the American dream enlarged and protected against the destroyers and the life-haters. This novel celebrates life and abounds in life.



WATER OF LIFE

The new novel by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

Price $5.95 at all bookstores. Simon and Schuster

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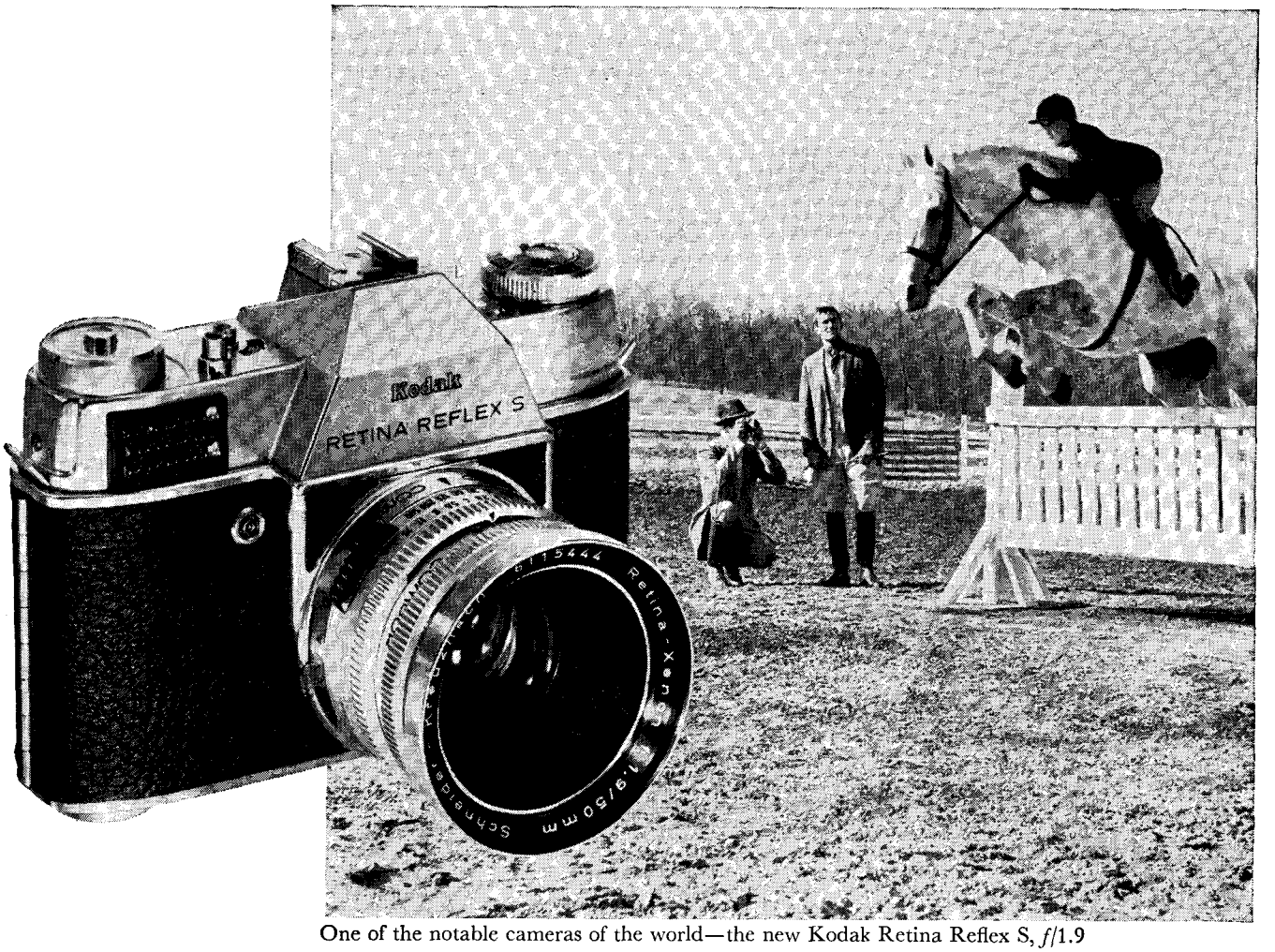

One of the notable cameras of the world—the new Kodak Retina Reflex S, *f*/1.9

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New Kodak Retina Reflex S Camera gives you command over distance, framing, action, and exposure.

This brilliant new single-lens reflex camera inherits—and enhances—a quarter-century tradition of Kodak Retina greatness.

Shown at right are five of the reasons: the five interchangeable lenses which give you control over distance. Two let you shoot in cramped quarters. Two "pull in" sporting events and far-off scenes. Electric meter links to all.

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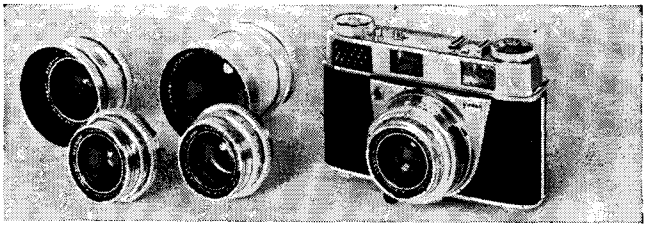

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Saturday Review
JUNE 25, 1960

THE INDUSTRY THAT DISDAINS SUCCESS

By CURTIS G. BENJAMIN, *president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company.*

I HAVE a bone to pick with my publishing colleagues. As a group, they have unquestioningly accepted the assumption that quantity in publishing interferes with quality. In fact, they seem at times to deplore their own success. Book publishing today may not be one of the nation's most prosperous industries, but it is far healthier than it has been for some years. More titles are being published, more books are being sold. My contention is that quality has not been sacrificed with the rapid increase in production.

Any publisher will tell you that the book trade is shot through with paradoxes. Of these paradoxes, none is more puzzling to me than the industry's own attitude toward its success in the market place. Every year, as more and more publishers succeed in setting higher and higher records of new-book production and sales, the wailing about the debasement of quality grows louder and louder. And yet, significantly, these same publishers are increasingly eager for the profits that are being reaped today from the boom business in books. What other industry takes such a dim view of its own success while pursuing it so zealously?

The conviction that quantity has tended to limit quality is held by many of the sagest high priests in the American publishing industry. Nor is this attitude peculiar to book publishers in America; it is almost a shibboleth in British publishing. Readers of *The Bookseller,* "The Organ of the Book Trade" in Great Britain, have become accustomed in recent years to the editorial lamentation that has accompanied its annual report of rising statistics on British book production. (*The Bookseller* had no occasion to lament the record for 1959, a year in which a printers' strike reduced new-book production to 90 per cent of the preceding year's—a decline which was reported with obvious satisfaction.) In this same vein *The Bookseller* has also deplored the annual rise in British book exports. Just think, it says with a shudder, what would happen if we should have to fall back on the home market! But the British book trade has traditionally liked to shudder—in print—over its lot. Something different should be expected in America. Yet our own *Publishers' Weekly* has been known to deplore increased production and to call for fewer and better books. And almost every Bowker Lecturer of the past decade, addressing the trade on no matter what subject, has felt constrained in passing to join in the lamentation. One of the most experienced and highly respected of all these lecturers, Ben Huebsch, recently stated his conviction in the strongest of terms.

First, Mr. Huebsch broadly asked, "Does the great increase in book production really indicate a rise in the level of our culture? Is there not a danger in overproduction as there is in overpopulation? Is there any sense in doubling the number of titles we publish to keep pace with the doubling of inhabitants on earth?" Then, after calling on authors (not publishers) for more self-censorship, he answers his question unequivocally: "A consequence of the expansion of our culture should be a diminution of new books, and an end to the foolish boasting of the increase of new titles."

Thus an able champion of "fewer and better books" again states the popular postulate in appealing general terms. Yet neither he nor anyone else has stopped to tell us exactly why fewer books would mean better books, or just how less quantity would produce higher quality. So it is my purpose to examine this postulate and challenge it from the rational, statistical, and emotional points of view. As a working principle, it is, I think, as unsound as a watermelon in November.

The rationalized arguments are easy. For example, it is easy, and not an oversimplification, to ask: Would the novels of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Salinger be any better if fewer third- and fourth-rate novels were published annually? Or would the works of Wilder, Saroyan, and MacLeish be improved if the number of doubtful experimentalists published each year were cut in half? Or would the publication of fewer third-rate novelists cause more of them to turn into second-raters, and more second-raters to turn into first-raters? Or, indeed, would a diminution in published fiction serve to improve the quality of published poetry, or biography, or history? Or, for even greater contrast, would such a diminu-

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tion have any qualitative effect on the spate of titles published each year in science, technology, and the practical arts? Obviously, the answer in each case is no. Almost every author, good or bad, professional or part-time, works as an individualist, doing what he considers to be his best, giving little or no thought to the general improvement of his breed or to the general quality of the product of his craft. As Granville Hicks recently put it, "Fortunately, writers rarely follow the advice the critics offer them. They do what they feel they have to do, not what somebody else tells them they ought to do."

But here, the champion of "fewer and better books" will say, is where the publisher's judgment and the editor's skill should come in. But just how? Does the publisher, by stringently reducing the size of his list, thereby improve his taste and sharpen his judgment of quality? If this were true, a publisher could grow in sales and reputation by a progressively critical reduction each year of the size of his list—which, of course, not one has ever done or is likely ever to do.

As for the editor's skill, it is often argued that if an editor would only take more time and care with fewer manuscripts, the quality of his published books would vastly improve. Unhappily, this idea won't wash either. In fact, the risk seems to run the other way. Given more time on fewer books, the average American book editor is likely to spend it rather on trying to make a marginal manuscript publishable than on the perfection of a manuscript that already has high quality. This is because so many of our editors have come to consider themselves as "literary doctors" and rewrite men. Most of them readily admit that they spend much too much of their time and skill trying to make silk purses out of sows' ears. And sadly enough, an occasional spectacular success, the saving of a "hopeless" manuscript, can have a lastingly bad effect on an editor's attitude toward a proper balance in his total work program.

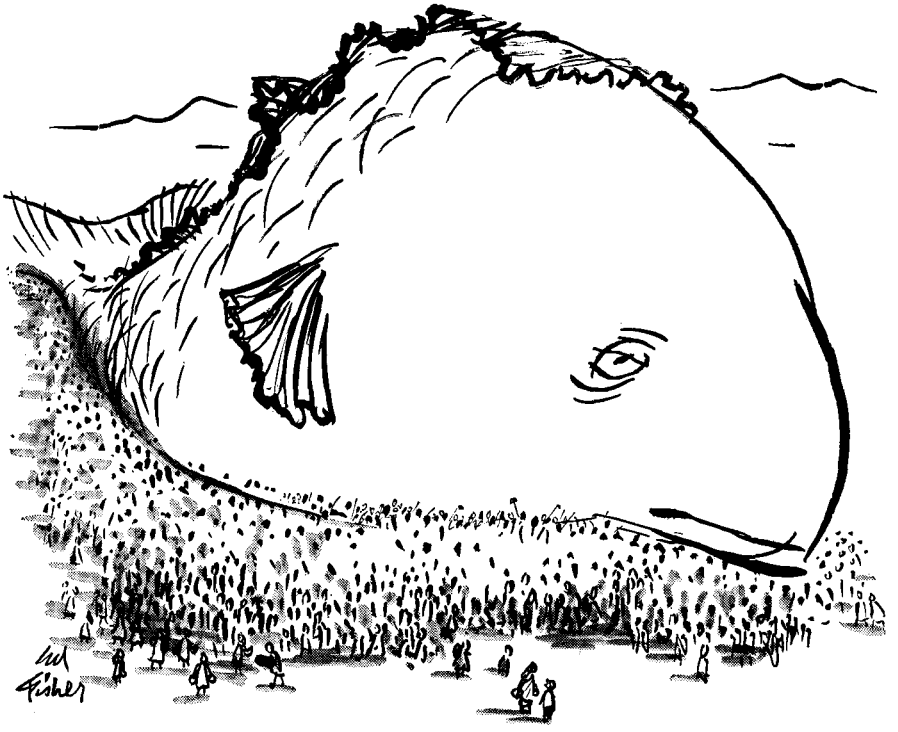
Unlike such rationalized arguments, however, the emotional considerations so frequently involved in the declamation of the postulate of "fewer and better books" are subjective and highly personal, and hence much more difficult to argue. Here one must tread lightly, but treading too lightly would lose the point. So it must be observed, a bit roughly perhaps, that many publishers and editors and reviewers fold the postulate to their hearts merely because they so desperately want it to be so. The conviction springs directly and wholly from the wish itself. Naturally, their sentiments appeal strongly to the idealists in the industry and to the reporters, commentators, and editorial writers who are concerned with books.

Many others sublimate the postulate into a championing of the small against the large. These are the people who argue constantly that standards of quality cannot possibly be as high in the larger "sprawling" publishing houses as in the smaller, more compact, and "personalized" houses. Naturally, many of the people who argue in this way are in the smaller houses. But many others are in the larger ones; they simply do not like bigness of any kind. Almost all of them are swayed wholly by emotion, not in the least by evidence.

In truth, there is no convincing evidence on either side of this argument. One can point to several large houses that seem to be able to maintain high standards throughout large lists published in as many as six or eight different categories or departments. (Such a house usually operates on a decentralized pattern as a cluster of smaller houses, each having a more or less autonomous staff of competent managers and editors.) One can also find many a small house that is obviously satisfied with rather lower standards in a narrowly ranging list—and usually there is not a first-rate editor aboard. Then, without looking too hard, one can always find houses, both large and small, that consistently publish lists of mixed quality, good in one field and mediocre or bad in another. This state of things is likely to continue as long as book publishing is based upon the highly personalized author-editor-publisher complex, with its almost complete dependence on subjective tastes and individual judgments. But the point here is that, contrary to a widely held and popular belief, size as such has little or nothing to do with it.

Let us suppose that the chief publishing executive of one of the larger multiple-department houses does decide in favor of fewer and better books and does want to start trimming his lists by, say, 10 per cent. Obviously, he should do most or all of this trimming in the department where quality is lowest. (This does not mean, of course, that it would necessarily be the least profitable.) But he plainly sees that a cut here certainly would not affect the operations of his other departments one way or the other. Publishing fewer religious books, for example, would not improve the quality of his college textbooks, nor would fewer juveniles improve his medical line. Fewer trade books would in no way affect the quality of his scientific and technical list. Each of these separate lists is selected and edited by a different group of editors, working usually under different departmental management, with a different set of quality standards and with different methods of selection and editing.

So a better way, he reasons, might be a horizontal cut of 10 per cent in every department. If his house is publishing, say, 300 titles per year in five



"Hi, Ma—what's for dinner?"

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Table I: Comparative Growth Figures

	Number Titles Published Annually	Value Book Sales ($Million)	Value GNP ($Billion)	Number College Graduates (Million)
1929	10,187	$ 199	$ 104.4	1.7
1939	10,640	178	108.7	3.4
1949	10,892	*	167.9	5.3
1959	14,876	675	244.3	8.3
1959 over 1929 Actual	46%			388%
1959 over 1929 Adjusted		294%	134%	

* No reliable figure is available for this year.

departments, then he has to ask himself: Will a reduction of each department's program by six titles really make the editors in that department more wise and less fallible in taste and judgment? And are the six excised titles likely to be much worse or better than the lowest-ranking six titles among the fifty-four accepted by each department? And are not they, the six excised titles, likely to be as good as or better than some of the best titles on many of his competitors' lists? Being at heart a philosopher and a gambler (and he must be both, or he would not be where he is), he knows the answers to these questions even before he asks them. No, this obviously won't work.

THEN the thing to do, he decides, is to pick out the three weakest editors in the house and fire them. This would reduce the total annual list by 10 per cent. Yet, each of these three editors might still be as good as or better than the best editor in ten or fifteen other houses that are competitive in his respective field. How, the baffled man asks himself, would this harsh course serve either his own house or the greater good of the industry?

The hypothetical dilemma of this publishing executive brings us directly to the crux of the matter. He and every one of his colleagues, large and small, are squarely up against the fact that, as noted earlier, the book industry operates on an infinite number of individual judgments and decisions, each subjectively based on individual tastes, individual likes and dislikes, and with varying interpretations of quality requirements. The author decides to write and submit a manuscript. The editor decides to read or not to read it, then to recommend acceptance or rejection after the reading. The publisher decides to accept or reject the editor's recommendation. Usually as many as four or five individual judgments are involved in each of these decision-making complexes. Plainly a larger number of intermediate and ultimate "noes" injected in more cases is not likely to make the "yeses" more correct in all the others. It is only when all our houses are staffed with men of better taste, men with more knowledge and sensibility, that we shall be able to "cut out all the trash" and publish only the better books. For by final analysis the overproduction that is being so constantly deplored is nothing more nor less than the industry's normal quantum of mistakes—mistakes made in the countless number of individual author-editor-publisher decision-making complexes in our many, many publishing houses, day in and day out.

So much for rational and emotional arguments—always as easy to reject as they are to muster. Statistically based arguments are more difficult and more tedious; it is much easier to look at each year's increase of the total figure for new-book production and exclaim, "My God! How awful!" But if one stops and takes an historical look at the figures behind the annual increase, it will soon be discovered that there is really no cause for despair.

The *Publishers' Weekly* record of American Book Publication shows that over the past thirty years, 1929-59, the annual total of new and revised publications has risen from 10,187 to 14,876 titles. This is a gain of only 46 per cent, and most of it has come in the past decade.

In this same thirty-year period, the dollar value of book sales (in constant 1929 dollars) increased by 294 per cent, while the value of U.S. Gross National Product (again in 1929 dollars) increased by 134 per cent. It is obvious, then, that new-book production has not kept pace with either the rise in book sales or the over-all increase in our national economy.

NOR does it seem that new-book production has kept pace with a rapid rise in the reader potential in the United States. In the absence of a better way to measure this potential, the number of our citizens with four or more years of college education can be accepted as a good index. In this index the number of college graduates in the U.S. rose from 1.7 million in 1929 to 8.3 million in 1959—an increase of 388 per cent. How can anyone put this figure against the 46 per cent increase of new-book production and still cry calamity? The real calamity lies, of course, in the fact that book publishers have not even begun to learn how to exploit this tremendously increased potential for growth.

These comparative growth figures are tabulated in Table I, with proper deflators for 1959 dollar values. (The statistically-minded reader may want

(*Continued on page* 58)

Table II: Books Published—by Subject

	1929	1959
LITERARY BOOKS		
Biography	738	776
Fiction	2,142	2,437
General Literature	572	836
Poetry and Drama	727	499
	4,179	4,548
Increase 1959 over 1929: 369 titles, or 9%		
PRACTICAL AND PROFESSIONAL BOOKS		
Agriculture	82	129
Business	213	422
Education	317	417
Sports and Games	130	259
Home Economics	53	181
Law	116	302
Medicine	402	590
Science	424	1,033
Technical	359	736
	2,096	4,069
Increase 1959 over 1929: 1,976 titles, or 94%		

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The Writer's New Peril—Status

By Granville Hicks

IN HER lively and malicious account of a literary conference in "The Groves of Academe," Mary McCarthy explains that many of the poets attending are second choices, "since a number of the original invitees had to decline, citing prior commitments to attend several other poetry conferences being held the same week on "The Contemporary Neglect of Poetry." "The spoken, if not the written, word of writers is in vogue these days," said Philip Roth in accepting the National Book Award for fiction last spring.

In 1895 Henry James wrote William Dean Howells that he could find no "sign or symbol" of his "being in the least *wanted.*" Most writers today must feel that they are not merely wanted but are in fact objects of public concern. For many decades critics have been complaining that American society did not recognize its writers, did not give them status. But now it seems clear that many writers, even quite young writers, do have status. Not only are their opinions solicited, as Mr. Roth notes, but recognition manifests itself in practical and substantial ways.

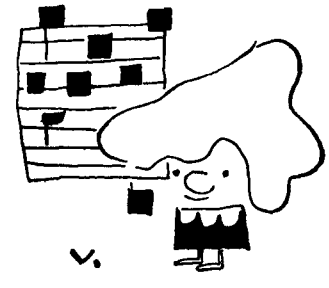
To begin with, there are the foundations, both those that give fellowships and those that offer room and board, and there all sorts of awards and prizes. In the second place, the colleges and universities have become increasingly hospitable to writers as writers, and the young man with a novel or two to his credit may do better in the academic world than his colleague with a Ph.D. Finally, the government is making use of writers, sending them on cultural missions to the far corners of the world.

This is a situation without American precedent. There were no fellowships for writers in the nineteenth century and not many prizes. A few writers—Longfellow, for instance, and Lowell—held academic positions, but this was because they conspicuously possessed academic qualifications. Hawthorne, having written a campaign biography of his friend Franklin Pierce, was made consul in Liverpool, and Irving, Lowell, Howells, and Harte were given diplomatic posts. Indeed, there was a time when one could look back on the nineteenth century as a period in which the government had been almost recklessly generous. In the whole century, however, there were fewer writers on the federal payroll than there have been in the past decade.

Is this recognition a good thing? Plenty of people say vociferously that it isn't. They long for the good old days when young writers had to starve in Greenwich Village or Paris garrets and, according to legend, did so cheerfully for the sake of their art. In the good old days these same people or people very much like them were denouncing American society for neglecting writers. Now the complaint is that writers are becoming part of the Establishment (to use a term that we have recently borrowed from England), and are or are bound to become conformists.

I find little evidence to support this complaint. The foundations, the colleges, and the government seem to seek out the nonconformists, and their beneficiaries do not appear to have been transformed into advocates of the status quo. Saul Bellow, Mary McCarthy, Ralph Ellison, Alfred Kazin, and Mark Harris have recently been on government missions. All of them are or have been teachers, and all of them, I think, have had fellowships and awards. Yet they all have been and, so far as I can see, continue to be critics of contemporary society, and this is true of countless other beneficiaries of recognition. It might be argued, indeed, that writers are valued precisely because they are not conformists—because the Establishment wants to prove that it is not so bad as it is cracked up to be.

To say this is not to deny the possibility that writers may be spoiled in one way or another, that they may go soft or acquire too large a sense of their own importance or be distracted from their work. But the literary life has always been full of dangers. As everyone knows, serious novelists are rarely able to support themselves by their writing, while serious poets almost never can. Any bread-and-butter job a writer turns to is likely to be a threat to his development, and Hollywood and Madison Avenue have taken a greater toll of victims than the foundations and the colleges. The serious writer has to be strong, and usually, it appears, he *is.*



For myself, I am glad that writers are able to secure enough to live on without too much pain or too many sacrifices, but there is another way of looking at the recognition that is being accorded them. At a time when literature is faring badly in the marketplace, persons who have power in our society have come to the conclusion that literature is important. The Department of State has discovered that writers make good cultural ambassadors, and college administrators have learned that they are listened to on campus. The men who manage the foundations have decided that it is necessary to keep writers alive and writing. Of course the writer would rather have good readers than powerful well-wishers, but it is significant that just now, when the former seem to be running in short supply, the latter are more abundant.

Traditionally, literature has taken care of itself—often, to be sure, rather badly. Today there are men in power who believe that it has to be taken care of. These men are not writers themselves, and they may not even be readers; their motives are surely mixed, but they are doing something that in our society needs to be done. Only a fool would say that the situation is ideal or even that the increasing recognition of writers marks a great cultural advance, but it does seem better that men in power should affirm the importance of literature than that they should deny it.

One unfortunate result of the new situation, as Roth noted, is that writers have become increasingly self-conscious. In the public discussions that so frequently take place nowadays, he said, "the concern is with *writers* instead of *writing*; the concern is with poses and postures, with etiquette, as if the manners of the writer ultimately determined the manner of his writing." But self-consciousness will pass, I think, as writers grow accustomed to their new role as objects of public concern, and even now, though writers may sometimes make silly gestures on the platform, most of them know what their true concerns are.

The new situation offers the serious writer what he most wants—a chance to get on with his work. Its dangers demand fresh determination and require difficult decisions, but there is already plenty of evidence that the dangers can be overcome. The writer of integrity and intelligence is functioning well in the new situation, and that is really all we need to worry about.

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CROWNED HEADS

Return of the Royal Revelers

"Merry Monarch: The Life and Likeness of Charles II," by Hesketh Pearson *(Harper. 274 pp. $5), celebrates the tricentennial of the English King's resumption of his scepter. "Truth and Opinion" is the latest work by the distinguished British historian C. V. Wedgwood.*

By C. V. Wedgwood

THE THREE HUNDREDTH anniversary of the happy restoration of King Charles II to the English throne occurred on May 29th this year and Mr. Hesketh Pearson, that able and assiduous biographer, has produced a new study of the King to mark the occasion. Since King Charles came home from exile England has remained a monarchy. The experiment in other forms of government which preceded the King's return had not been an unqualified success. After the execution of his father, King Charles I, in 1649 there had been a few years of confused government by a Council of State followed by the elevation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector, which was a return to monarchy in all but name. On Cromwell's death the thoroughgoing republicans had a second chance, but after half a dozen governments had succeeded each other in little more than a year, England swung back, with almost complete unanimity, to the support of the legitimate monarchy. Charles II, recalled from exile, entered London on May 29, 1660, his thirtieth birthday, amid nationwide rejoicings of such fervor as have probably not been known in England before or since.

From that day to this, through historians have often been critical of him, King Charles II has maintained a very high place in the hearts of the English. I write "English" deliberately, for although he was a Stuart, he has not enjoyed the same kind of indulgent approval among the people of Scotland. It is in England especially that his name retains a peculiar magic.

The King and his Court proceeded to prolong the May Day revelry of his return almost indefinitely by giving themselves up to a life of pleasure. After the earnest years of Puritan rule, this frivolity was at first welcome. But in a little while murmurs began to be heard. In a commercial war with the Dutch, New Amsterdam changed hands and became New York, but in general the English navy failed to distinguish itself. When the Dutch entered the Medway, burnt several ships, and towed away the greatest of them, awkward questions began to be asked in Parliament about the spending of the funds that had been voted for the war. Judgments from heaven (as some thought) had meanwhile begun to fall. The country was ravaged by the worst plague in mortal memory; London was destroyed by fire—an occasion on which the King himself showed great courage and presence of mind. Somewhat later it became clear that Charles had a secret understanding with the King of France, from whom he was receiving money. Those who recollected the dominating foreign policy of Oliver Cromwell resented the "most ignoble stooping" to which they felt their country was now reduced.

—From the book.

Charles II, portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

The King's subjects, for their part, were not at this time remarkable for steadiness of judgment or restrained conduct. It was no fault of the King when the mass hysteria of the Popish Plot swept the country and many innocent Roman Catholics went to the scaffold. The King, who sincerely hated all intolerance and knew the gross falsity of the charges, still could not at first make any stand against the horrible business. But he had, when he roused himself to action, a remarkably keen political judgment and very considerable courage; these he showed at last in the dexterous maneuvers by which he got the better of the Whigs and reasserted his personal control over affairs. The last years of his reign were passed in relative calm, with the majority of the nation behind him.

Politically the story of his time is depressing and rather squalid. But Charles II is not remembered in England for the politics of his reign. It is his personality, his charm, his humanity which have given him his popular reputation—and also, of course, his love affairs. He was lucky in those who recorded the day-to-day events of his time. There was Samuel Pepys, the alert, life-loving, keenly observant civil servant, who trotted from his house to the Court and the Navy Office, while his camera-like eyes made innumerable shots of the King: playing tennis, out riding with the Queen, at the theatre with the lovely Lady Castlemaine. A more sober diarist, John Evelyn, shows the King in other moods. His pages reflect the deep and serious interest in the natural sciences that distinguished this epoch, and in the encouragement of which the King played a significant part. This element in the reign, and in the King's character, receives incidentally very slight treatment from Mr. Pearson.

Charles II is the most human of British monarchs. He had many qualities to please and attract his people; he was a brisk walker, a good tennis player, a keen and experienced yachtsman. He enjoyed a day at the races and he could talk on easy and equal terms with all who approached him. But the abiding love of the English for Charles II remains an interesting problem of history and psychology. Why has he lived so long in the sunlight of his people's memory? The answer must lie not only in his character and personality, but in his way of projecting himself.

There have been many biographies of Charles II, but in the life of a King his character, his true inwardness of the man, is easily swamped by the politics. Mr. Pearson's subtitle shows that his intention is to extract the kernel of the matter, to reveal the "life and likeness" of the King without more attention to the complex politics of the time than is necessary to understand the actions of Charles himself. A personal study of this kind, from so practised and successful a biographer, could have done something to explain the magnetism of the King.

The result is disappointing. Mr. Pearson appreciates the King's great qualities: his humor, his tolerance, his worldly knowledge and sane judgment. But he brings to his task too slight an understanding of the surrounding

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epoch. It is not really possible to assess a man's life and character without a sympathetic knowledge of the world which created him and in which he lived. The tolerance and disillusion of King Charles cannot be justly seen as one product of their time (for the King was very much of his time) unless their opposites, the intolerance, the illusions, and the ideals of the age are also understood. Mr. Pearson is too modern to be able to do this. He despises and derides the religious prejudices of the seventeenth century, and especially the fervor of the Puritans. Thus he fails to convey to the reader the strength, the fervid sincerity and, above all, the aggressive logic behind the forces with which the King battled. He dismisses the army of the Covenanters, for instance, as a "sanctimonious mob of half wits," a phrase which in its angry ineptitude, reflects his temperamental inability to understand what the religious-political problems of that era really meant to those involved in them.

As an account of the externals of the King's life, this is a lively book. The author recounts with particular gusto Charles's exciting escape after his defeat at the battle of Worcester. Then, in hiding and in disguise, he learned far more about the character and lives of his people than luckier and more sheltered monarchs are able to do. Mr. Pearson tells most of the good stories about the King's gay Court and conducts the reader rather more sketchily through the politics of the age. But at the end we are not much wiser about the heart of the King. Those darkly observant, disillusioned eyes which look out from the sardonic face painted by Sir Peter Lely still keep their secret.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 888

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 888 will be found in the next issue.

P BFEW CQ

AFGBCAL PG PEE,

MDG NFD SPA

MOWPR NFDO AWSR

CA CG.

PDQGCA F'XPEEWN

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 887

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

Eaglet with Untried Wings

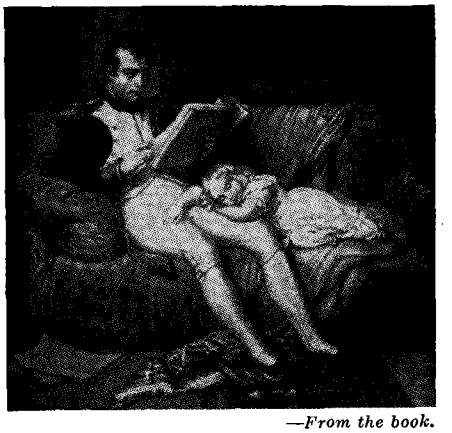
"The King of Rome," by André Castelot; translated by Robert Baldick (Harper. 396 pp. $5.95), fills in many previously lacking details about the pitiful life of Napoleon's only legitimate son. Stanley Loomis's "Du Barry" was published last year.

By Stanley Loomis

LITTLE of a biographical nature has been written about the King of Rome, Napoleon's only legitimate son, the tragic figure of Rostand's "L'Aiglon" and the object of the poet Barthelemy's Romantic eulogies. To posterity as to his times he has been a somewhat shadowy personage, a footnote in his father's more spectacular tragedy. "My birth and my death. That's the whole of my story," pronounced the King of Rome on his deathbed. It was by no means the end of his story, and André Castelot's biography has thrown a bright beam of light into this obscure corner of history.

"To take hold of the world he will only have to stretch out his hands." So, in 1811, spoke Napoleon of his newborn son. Few princes indeed have entered this world with a future more promising; few have left it so cheated. The Empire crumbled when he was three. Terrified in that débacle, his mother, Archduchess Marie Louise, turned from her obligations to the Empire and to her son's heritage and threw herself on the charity of her father, the Austrian Emperor. The King of Rome never saw his father or France again. In compensation for the "sacrifice" she had made in marrying Napoleon in 1810 Marie Louise was given sovereignty of the Duchy of Parma. The little King did not fare so well. The gilded bars of Schönnbrun noiselessly closed behind him. Austrian tutors, whose principal purpose was to erase from his memory all things French, took over his education. The name Napoleon was never mentioned. "The prince is not a prisoner," declared Count Dietrichstein, "*but* . . . he is in a very special position."

Marie Louise soon retired to Parma, where she and her lover Neipperg furtively hatched a brood of illegitimate children. "Neipperg," commented Chateaubriand, "was laying his eggs in the Eagle's nest." Motherless and fatherless,



—From the book.

The Emperor and the King in a portrait by Steuben.

the King of Rome (he was soon stripped of that grandiose dignity and given the more modest Austrian title of Duke of Reichstadt) grew to maturity under the pitiless surveillance of Metternich and his agents, a pawn in abortive plots by Italian Unionists and French Bonapartists. He died of tuberculosis at twenty-one, a forgotten, pathetic, yet curiously noble figure.

The Eaglet came home to the Eagle in December of 1940, borne to the tomb of the Invalides by German soldiers. What curious negotiation lay behind this untimely piece of sentiment, one wonders? André Castelot describes but does not explain the final scene.

However, in relating this sad tale, Castelot, an accomplished historian of royal misfortunes, has made excellent use of a harvest of recently discovered papers. Marie Louise's correspondence with Napoleon during the crisis of 1814 was found a few years ago in the archives of the King of Sweden. Castelot is among the first to avail himself of this new material. One can thus follow in detail the tortured vacillations of the girl-Empress. Letters of love to Napoleon, on one hand protesting eternal fidelity; letters to her father, on the other, negotiating. Thanks to these letters Castelot believes that he is able to indicate the precise moment when took place the famous "treason" of Marie Louise. Another rich cache, the correspondence between Parma and Vienna on the education and health of the King of Rome, was discovered in Austria in 1955. These too have lent in additional dimension to Castelot's biography.

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Loyal Servant to a Regal Mistress

"Lord Burghley and Queen Elizabeth," by Conyers Read *(Knopf. 603 pp. $10), pictures the robust and enigmatic royal councillor and the daughter of Henry VIII, whom he devotedly served. Allardyce Nicoll is the author of "The Elizabethans" and numerous other studies.*

By Allardyce Nicoll

CONYERS READ finished the writing of this book just before his death: that it was so completed is our good fortune, but our satisfaction must be tempered by regret that he could not have lived to see its final publication.

The title, "Lord Burghley and Queen Elizabeth," which follows the pattern set by its predecessor, "Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth," is an exact description of its contents. No biography of William Cecil could escape being a biography of his royal mistress as well—so intimately associated were they from her coming to the throne until those last days in 1598 when the old man lay dying and the aging Queen, conscious of all she owed to him, sat by his bedside and, as Burghley wrote in his last letter, fed him "with her own princely hand, as a careful nurse." In a sense, Elizabeth and he were like sister and brother, not always seeing alike yet sharing sympathies in common, she more erratic and capricious, with feminine whims and intuitions, he more logical and firm, with masculine surety of purpose seeking means of directing those whims for her own good.

Conyers Read's picture of this oddly assorted pair—the imperious and unpredictable daughter of Henry VIII and the steady, wise councillor of yeoman stock—is a fascinating one; and part of its fascination derives from the fact that the modern biographer, unlike so many historians of the past, frequently leaves much to the imagination of the reader. Some of the older historians acted as though they were God's spies, seeing into all men's hearts, but in this book what cannot be absolutely determined is often left for us to judge. When, in the presence of others, Elizabeth rudely scolded Cecil, was she truly annoyed with him or was her action a trick designed to cheat a foreign ambassador? When she kissed Alençon on the mouth and gave him a ring, was she momentarily moved by affection or was this all a bluff? The episodes are recounted; we are allowed to frame our own conjectures. In the same way, Conyers Read for the most part allows the characters in his historical drama to speak for themselves; only occasionally does he take a strong personal stand. Indeed, almost the sole outstanding exception is his treatment of the Earl of Oxford—and we must confess that in favor of this arrogant young gallant, whom some misguided persons seek to identify with Shakespeare, not much can be said.

Burghley himself emerges from this biography with full vitality, seen from diverse points of view as contemporaries viewed him. One of his friends declared that "the Queen was happy in so great a Councillor and to his wholesome counsels the state of England for ever shall be beholden"; the French ambassador, with whom he tussled frequently but who esteemed him as a worthy opponent, averred that he was "most exempt from all passions save for the service and honour of his mistress"; in a moment of irritation, the Spanish ambassador reported that he was a man who "by means of his vigilance and craftiness, together with his utter unscrupulousness of word and deed, thinks to outwit the ministers of other princes"—significantly adding, "This to a certain extent he hath hitherto succeeded in doing." Like all the great Elizabethans, Burghley was an enigma, but the core of his personality is to be found in his selfless devotion, a devotion amply documented in these pages.

The one adverse criticism which may be directed against Conyers Read's important volume is that its style lacks grace. Little variety appears in its straightforward records, although there are pages wherein the actions described cry out for words richer than those given to us; occasionally, too, the repetition of phrases, even of statements, weakens the narrative. No doubt the circumstances of composition are responsible for these, as also for the unfortunate fact that the only one of Burghley's letters—his last—reproduced in facsimile should have in the text a transcription error.

Such defects, however, cannot seriously take away from a mighty achievement. The author's grasp of his theme both as a whole and in detail is masterly. This volume stands as a monument truly worthy of a great historian.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A SAIL! A SAIL!

Herewith a group of fictional ships (plus one factual) together with the names of their captains and of the books which celebrate their voyages. E. A. Shoaff of Glendale, California, asks you to assign the right craft and the right skippers to the right yarns. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Splice the main brace on page 20.

1. Argo	( ) Ahab	( )	"Around the World in Eighty Days" (Verne)
2. Caryatid	( ) Briscoe	( )	"Casuals of the Sea" (McFee)
3. Clorinda	( ) Fry	( )	"Exodus" (Uris)
4. Dolly	( ) Jason	( )	Greek mythology
5. Harpy	( ) Littlestone	( )	"A High Wind in Jamaica" (Hughes)
6. Henrietta	( ) Marpole	( )	"Mr. Midshipman Easy" (Marryat)
7. Hispaniola	( ) Pellew	( )	"Mr. Midshipman Hornblower" (Forester)
8. Indefatigable	( ) Smollett	( )	"Moby Dick" (Melville)
9. Pequod	( ) Speedy	( )	"Swiss Family Robinson" (Wyss)
10. Pilgrim	( ) T(hompson)	( )	"Treasure Island" (Stevenson)
11. Star of David	( ) Vangs	( )	"Two Years Before the Mast" (Dana)
12. Unicorn	( ) Wilson	( )	"Typee" (Melville)

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FICTION

More Than Vengeance, Mercy

"The Inspector," by Jan de Hartog *(Atheneum. 312 pp. $4), deals compassionately with a brutal chapter in recent history—the illegal immigration of Jews to Palestine. David Dempsey, a free-lance critic, is the author of "All That Was Mortal."*

By David Dempsey

THIS FIRST offering by the new Atheneum Press is a happy choice, if not always a happy book. Mr. de Hartog, who is responsible for "The Fourposter" (a hit play) and "The Spiral Road" (a best-selling novel), has written here a high-principled "chase" story. Not a new genre – Graham Greene used the technique effectively in his early novels—it assumes that a serious point of view can be made by mixing the ingredients of suspense, or "entertainment," as Greene calls it, with moral intent.

"The Inspector" is an entertainment about troubled people. Peter Jongman of the Amsterdam CID gets into big trouble, so to speak, in order to escape his little ones. These, primarily, are a nagging wife and a sense of personal failure in his career. He is the middle-aged man who yearns, not so much for adventure, but for a chance to commit himself to something important. His opportunity comes when he rescues a young Jewish girl, Anna Held, from the hands of a white-slave trader. A freed inmate of a concentration camp, where her parents died and where, as a medical guinea pig, she suffered numerous indignities, Anna is determined to get into Palestine, then under British mandate, before she dies. It is this mission, motivated by pity and the challenge to his "standard of decency," that gives Jongman his own second chance at life.

The pursuer becomes the pursued as the inspector escorts the frail girl down the barge canals of Holland and Belgium, across the Mediterranean to Tangier and eventually into Palestine. The huggermuggery here is well done; de Hartog writes with charm, and although he is rather inclined to moralize, what he is saying is important: mercy is more powerful as a weapon for good than the mere avengement of evil. Jongman resists the impulse to kill the girl's white-slave abductor, for example, just as, at the critical moment, he persuades the dying Anna to risk the trip to Palestine when she could be flown to the United States to receive hospital care. In the States, too, she could give evidence against her Nazi tormentors for use at Nuremberg. However, to "break the curse of violence," as Jongman says, she seals her own death warrant.

Is this carrying one's principles a little too far? Readers may find themselves puzzled at de Hartog's relentless insistence on the Christian idea of forgiveness. Is he not perhaps confusing this with less tenable Christian pathos? Anna herself is spiritualized and passive almost beyond recognition as a person, and the inspector's saintliness, were it presented more ironically, would make him less an instrument of good —and God—than a compassionate fanatic who sacrifices the girl to his own spiritual needs.

But these matters are open to interpretation, and, in any event, they do not seriously interfere with the surface enjoyment of the story. The minor characters are excellent, and I liked particularly the Dutch agent in Tangier who cheerfully keeps the bats out of his hotel room—point, game, and set—by swatting them with a tennis racket.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 2, 11, 1, 12, 3, 8, 7, 6, 10, 4, 5. Column Three should read: 6, 2, 11, 1, 3, 5, 8, 9, 12, 7, 10, 4.

When Whitehall Grew Weary

"When the Kissing Had to Stop," by Constantine FitzGibbon *(Norton, 248 pp. $3.95), speculates upon a future time when political and moral apathy have overtaken Great Britain. Maurice Edelman, the author of "A Call on Kuprin," is a Member of Parliament for Labour.*

By Maurice Edelman

THE TOPICAL novel, hurriedly written (Mr. FitzGibbon's, according to its postscript, was completed in four months) has the advantage of competing with today's news headlines and the disadvantage of resembling yesterday's. But the H-bomb will remain a subject of interest and speculation in our lifetime, and Mr. FitzGibbon has done well to choose its controversial theme for his novel of tomorrow. The FitzGibbon Britain is not an implausible one. It is merely an exaggeration of the plausible. In it there are running race riots in Notting Hill, whore-shows in Soho, and, to cap it all, a Ban-the-Bomb Labour Party has come to power. The will of the nation has been sapped by pacifism, though gangsterism is the condition of the streets.

In "When the Kissing Had to Stop," an old Etonian homosexual—refugee from the Foreign Office, who has been imprisoned by the Russians in Novaya Zemlya—is shipped back to England to sap morale a little more. A somewhat Wodehousian peer, Patrick, Lord Clonard, initiates a confused resistance movement when the Russians occupy a spiritually undermined Britain. And, dominating the whole cartoon strip, is a Jew-turned-Catholic called Felix Seligman, a Disraelian Sidonia, who knows everything and everyone and finally takes to the Welsh hills.

Mr. FitzGibbon writes with an easy familiarity about the better-known features of the London scene. His clubs and shops and general street map are excellent. His politicians too—Page-Gorman, the cynical Labour leader, and Braithwaite, the fuddy-duddy Prime Minister—are faithful echoes of their stereotypes in life and literature. But Mr. FitzGibbon endows his politicians with a baffling stupidity. That statesmen can be stupid is well known; that the demos can be stupid is equally well known. All this leads to the conclusion that there is a fundamental capacity for stupidity in the human condition. The unfairness of Mr. FitzGibbon's approach, which weakens credibility, is his assumption that politicians are by nature more stupid than anybody else —a proposition which might win some vulgar applause but which is not confirmed by democratic experience.

On the other hand, the breakdown

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of the Summit Conference has reminded us that the relationships of statesmen are as much governed by passions and prejudices as are the relationships of private individuals. And the greater the power vested in an individual statesman, the greater is the effect of his personal inclinations for good or bad.

It isn't the responsibility of a novelist to offer political solutions, even in a political novel, and Mr. FitzGibbon's interpretation of the consequences of unilateral nuclear disarmament is as valid politically as anyone else's. But it is his duty to comment on human behavior and illustrate some of the forms it takes. Mr. FitzGibbon rightly shows how in the shadow of a nuclear war for which Britain presents the world's most concentrated target, there is inevitably a greed for life which expresses itself in violence, heightened sexuality, and a desperate dogmatism. The prurience which afflicts his characters, Lord Clonard and Nora, his mistress, chief among them, represents one social reaction to tomorrow's horror. But parallel with the erotic fever and the Teddy-Boy violence there is also a revival of faith, and an affirmation by the young, in particular, of their belief in life.

Mr. FitzGibbon barely touches on this aspect of human conduct which, as he himself has observed in the past, tends to manifest itself as a counterpart to the disasters of war or the threat of war. He is somewhat ungenerous to the liberal impulses of the heart, and when he tries to alkalize a certain illiberal acidity which has crept into his writing, he turns it to sentimentality. At one point, indeed, he introduces a lively miscegenative passage in which a Negro who is looking for a bed for his white girl friend is stabbed in a pub brawl. This theme has been too often treated in literature and film to arouse the emotion which it merits, and as presented by Mr. FitzGibbon it has that contrived quality which produces not tears but embarrassment.

Mr. FitzGibbon, an American by birth, has a sensitive understanding of many of the subtleties of British social relationships. But he ought by now to have rid himself of the myth that "every Englishman loves a lord." There was a time, it is true, when Mr. Millbank could say to Mr. Coningsby, "my father has often told me that in his early days the displeasure of a Peer of England was like a sentence of death to a man." These days are now happily over. In "When the Kissing Had to Stop" there are two occasions (thus proving that it's not an accident) in which a policeman, learning that Patrick is a real-life lord, changes his attitude from bullying to obsequiousness. Mr. FitzGibbon ought to know that the peerage since the First Labour Government of 1945 is not what it was. Nor for that matter is the London bobby, who now rightly believes that he is every bit as good as his master.

Despite the fact that Mr. FitzGibbon has tackled a forbidding subject, "When the Kissing Had to Stop" is a stage in the revival of the political novel. I hope that Mr. FitzGibbon will at some future date return to the subject and explore a section of it more narrowly and in greater depth. He is an excellent observer of the British political scene. Let him then concentrate on Westminster and leave Novaya Zemlya to the Russians.

THE GRAND CAPER: It is pleasant to report that Terry Southern is a young American writer with an irreverent sense of humor, an uncluttered style, and a vivid, unconventional imagination. The principal figure in his second novel, "**The Magic Christian**" (Random House, $3), is Guy Grand, a billionaire with a taste for colossal, outrageous, and frequently expensive practical jokes. Their object is to amuse and entertain their perpetrator; in addition, they are designed either to expose some aspect of human folly or vice, or to reveal the sanctimoniousness which surrounds a number of our popular attitudes and institutions. Guy Grand is notably successful with his Chicago stockyard and his Boston skywriting "capers"; his reign as a movie theatre proprietor, during which a "special" showing of "The Best Years of Our Lives" is offered to an unwary public, marks the high point of his unusual career.

One must add, with a note of reluctance, that "The Magic Christian" has its shortcomings. Several of the capers fail to amuse: the Madison Square Garden episode because it has no real point, the deodorant episode because it deals with very familiar material. And the book does not rise to a climax; Guy Grand's renting of a cruise ship, the *S.S. Magic Christian,* should lead to great hilarity; instead, it seems to retrace ground already covered, reminding the reader that a number of Guy's previous exploits have been more amusing.

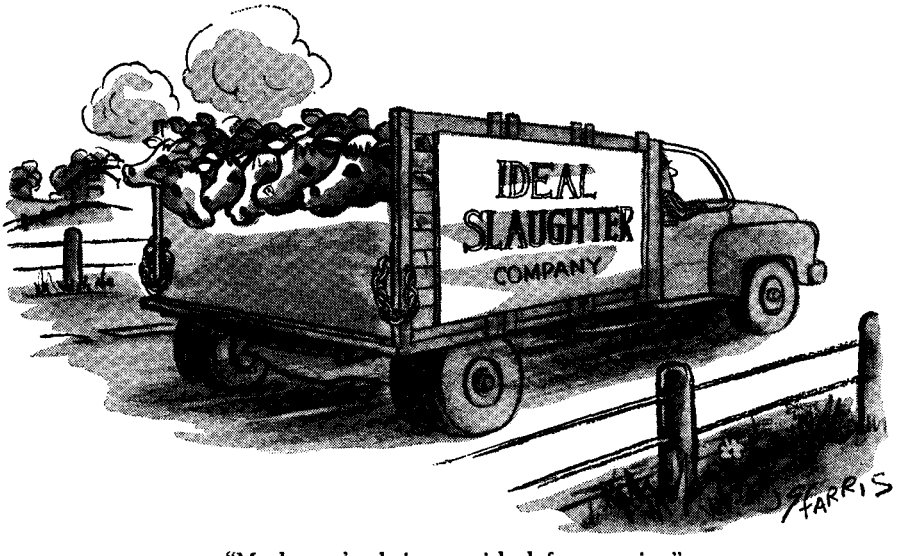
Despite these failings, Mr. Southern is to be congratulated for writing a clever, original story, and his publishers are to be congratulated for publishing, in a time of literary earnestness and solemnity, a book which is neither earnest, nor solemn, nor dull.

—WILLIAM WISE.

BROADWAY ROULETTE: It is a well-known fact that theatre people are a race apart, driven like lemmings to their destruction, then revived only to go through it all again, time after time. Some achieve fame through this masochistic process, some achieve lesser degrees of success and slowly burn themselves out trying for more, and some few go into another line of business. But no matter what they do they are forever theatre people, which means that they are, to varying degrees, insane.

Two recent books concerning the birth pangs of a play, "The Seesaw Log" and "Act One," had in common the atypical fact that the play in question became a hit, so it can fairly be said that Al Morgan's novel "**A Small Success**" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95) is the first book in a long while to deal realistically with the theatre. It has all the ingredients of the others without the happy ending, and for that

(*Continued on page* 36)



"Maybe we're being punished for our sins."

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Highlights of Those Happy Days

"The Good Years," by Walter Lord *(Harper. 369 pp. $4.95), applies to the first fourteen years of the twentieth century the vivid narrative technique the author perfected in his accounts of the sinking of the Titanic and Pearl Harbor. Foster Rhea Dulles, chairman of Ohio State University's History Department, wrote, among other books, "The United States Since 1865."*

By Foster Rhea Dulles

WALTER LORD has heretofore been intrigued by rather brief capsules of time as so brilliantly treated in "A Night to Remember" and "Day of Infamy." His new book is concerned with a series of dramatic and colorful episodes that cover a span of fourteen years—"the good years" that elapsed between the cheerful, optimistic opening of the twentieth century and the fateful assassination of an Austrian archduke at Sarajevo. But his approach and techniques have not changed at all. He treats the events that he has selected from these prewar days with the same fascinating detail, drawn largely from eyewitness impressions; the same verve, color, and pace, and the same slightly ironic flavor that especially characterized his vivid account of the sinking of the Titanic.

Here are both the heroism and the absurdities that marked the conduct of the beleaguered foreigners at the seige of Peking, the assassination of President McKinley through the horrified eyes of those who actually saw it, the patient Wright brothers conducting their epochal experiments on the beaches at Kitty Hawk. . . .

The panic of 1907, with J. Pierpont Morgan grimly sustaining Wall Street solvency against all odds, is an appropriate halfway mark in both chronology and pagination. Then Mr. Lord is off again. We avidly follow the Great White Fleet as it steams majestically around the world with even the Japanese school children happily applauding, are caught up in the excitement of Peary's heroic dash to the North Pole, march with the suffragists down Fifth Avenue, agonize over the prolonged Democratic battle which finally nominated Woodrow Wilson ("Big Man Off Campus") for the Presidency. . . .

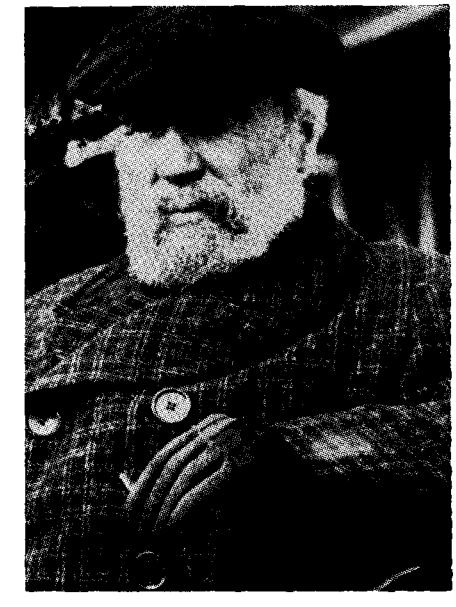
The chapters are inevitably somewhat uneven. Mr. Lord is happiest in dealing with the more dramatic episodes, where he skilfully builds up suspense; he is least successful when his subjects involve politics or economics. Here he is not so certain of his ground. But always he remains master of the style that is suggested by such sentence openings as "On the morning of April 1, 1900, six of the Americans to whom civilization was committed lay fog-bound on the China sea," "No sense of change stirred the air as J. Pierpont Morgan sat down to dine on the evening of February 19, 1902," "Society never glittered more brightly than at San Francisco's Grand Opera House on the evening of April 17, 1906," "'I'm a Bryan man,' chirped the dedicated suffragist Mrs. Mary Arkwright Sutton of Spokane, Washington."

The lively stories such sentences introduce are linked together in only the vaguest way and the background is sketched in for the most part with hurried generalizations. In only one instance does Mr. Lord depart from his pattern of the heroic, the colorful, or the amusing. As if to assure his readers that he really knows that there were blemishes in the colorful tapestry of "the good years," he gives one chapter to "Children at Work." There is little else in his lively pages to suggest the currents of protest and unrest that underlay the cheerful facade of progressivism, the growing rebellion against the old order, the deep-seated problems of immigration, or the turbulence of labor strife.

Mr. Lord is not, however, seeking to write anything like a full account of the progressive era. Indeed he might have been well advised to omit even the sketchy material with which he ties his chapters together, for it is all too often superficial and sometimes quite misleading. This has to be noted. "The Good Years" is lively, amusing; such good reading—but it does not give a rounded picture of the period it describes. Although it is fine entertainment, it is not good history.

Wilbur and Orville Wright wore their business suits for flying togs.

The child laborer's work week was sixty hours long.



James J. Hill, the tycoon of the Northern Pacific Railway.

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Last Frontier

"High Country Empire," by Robert G. Athearn *(McGraw-Hill. 358 pp. $6.95), tells the history of an area in the West one-fifth the land size of the United States. Hal Borland's autobiographical "High, Wide and Lonesome" recalled his boyhood on a Colorado homestead.*

By Hal Borland

ALTHOUGH hundreds of serious books have been written about it, this is the first adequate history of the High Country Empire I have ever found. That empire consists of the seven states drained by the Missouri River and its tributaries, the mountain states of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado, the plains states of both Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas. They constitute one-fifth of the land area of the United States. For years the area was known to Easterners as the Great American Desert, the Western Mountain Barrier, and the Wild and Woolly West, none of which terms was accurate or even adequate. Now a Westerner (Mr. Athearn teaches history at the University of Colorado) tells that country's story, and tells it very well indeed.

This is vivid, vigorous history, rich with incident, solid with research, firm with informed opinion. It starts with the Louisiana Purchase, really, which "bought the world's largest pasture, considerable mineral rights, one major and several minor rivers—all in working order—and the best-known desert in the Western hemisphere." It traces early exploration, follows the fur trappers and gold miners, appraises the coming of the railroads, deals with the big ranch days and the invasion of the homesteaders, follows the story down through the boom days of wheat, the oil discoveries, and the dust years, to today, when water, industry, and population are the major problems.

The elements of high drama are here, in abundance; but this is no script for a TV Western. It is the rich story of "one of the last parts of the West to feel the effects of civilization." It is a land, the author points out, that never was and probably never will be really hospitable to man. "It has no oceans, no great navigable rivers, no semitropical nor humid climate—and it won't have." Its economy has always been "essentially extractive." "The men who went there expected to make their pile and go home." An economic decline began there in the late 1880s and "with the exception of a few bursts of prosperity . . . has been continuous. The basic ills are still present." In his summing up, Mr. Athearn advises the people there to stop bemoaning their plight, stop playing cowboy and frontiersman, and face the facts of economic life.

The author narrates his story in four major sections. "The Land Lies Open" deals with early exploration, the fur trade, the hordes of overland travelers, the great migration westward. "Vanguards of Settlement" tells about the miners, the Indians, the cattlemen, and the railroad builders. "The Great Invasion" discusses the homestead era and cultural and economic problems that were a consequence of that wave of settlement. "Vintage Years" deals with the vanishing frontier, the public reservation of vast areas of land, the dust storms, and the recent trends of social and economic transition. Each section is well detailed, full of authentic color, leavened with telling comment and anecdote.

The author makes a number of sound points that run counter to persistent tradition. The trappers, not Frémont and the Army, did the basic exploration. Overland Trail hardships were usually a result of ineptitude, not natural hazards. Some wagon trains even took brass bands for entertainment. And the harried Mormons made their trek to Utah with comparatively little trouble. There was steamboat traffic of consequence even on such minor streams as the Kansas River until railroad bridges blocked the way. The railroads, though they received vast subsidies in land and cash from the government, often were capitalized and bonded for six times what they cost to build. And they charged Western farmers and stockmen two and three times the freight rates they charged in the East.

Mr. Athearn is severe but restrained in discussing conservation and reclamation, but he pays sharp respects to the fantastic and costly inter-agency battles for control of dams, particularly on the Missouri. And he deals realistically with Dust Bowl problems.

There seems to be only one gap of consequence in this big story. For some odd reason the author virtually ignores the slaughter of the vast buffalo herds, though that slaughter was a major factor in control of the Indians and it opened the horizonwide grassland to the white herdsmen. Minor errors are inevitable in such a far-ranging book: the author seems to confuse gramma grass and buffalo grass, for instance, and he places Bent's new fort eighty miles from where it really was; but such errors are few. On total score this is an outstanding book.

Anglo-Americana

"The Character of American History," by W. R. Brock *(St. Martin's Press. 294 pp. $5.50), turns a pair of British eyes on our nation's past. The author of numerous works, George E. Mowry will be the Harmsworth Professor of American History at Queens College, Oxford University, for the 1960-61 school year.*

By George E. Mowry

THE UNITED STATES has suffered and still is suffering from a serious imbalance of international trade in the study and writing of history. For years American historians have been turning out works assiduously on practically every major European country, works translated for and exported to their homelands, works which, on the whole, have been seriously considered abroad. Meanwhile, there has been comparatively little interest by European scholars in the intensive and over-all studies of the growth of American institutions. Those of de Tocqueville, Bryce, Siegfried, and Brogan come to mind; and, parenthetically, why has the Celtic mind exercised almost a monopoly of these major studies? But when they were written even these excellent books were present-minded, or were addressed to a special phase of American experience and were not supported by the long look over the nation's entire existence. Because of this import deficit, this lack of foreign-born, historically grounded studies, it is possible that American historiography has suffered from the myopic and monocular vision of those who have lived too closely and too intimately with the American scene. The view from another continent, another culture, should be valuable. And when it comes from such a superbly informed, friendly, and finely tempered critical mind as that possessed by Mr. Brock, it is of especial value.

The British author of this book has confined himself almost entirely to the history of American politics, for which he makes no apology. "For me," he writes, "the greatest success of the United States lies in their political achievement, while the greatest challenge to modern Americans is the proper use of their political power." But here is no dull textbook, blow-by-blow treatment replete with minutiae about obscure men and issues. What the author does is to seize upon for discussion the political, economic, and ethical

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Mark Twain—Genius or Jokesmith?

Fifty Years After His Death, the Critics Are Still Bemused

By Norman Holmes Pearson, *editor of "The Oxford Anthology of American Literature," who is a trustee of the Mark Twain Memorial in Hartford, Connecticut.*

IN JANUARY, 1960, when the Moscow State Symphony played in Hartford, Connecticut, a group of sixty-five members, knowing that Hartford was Mark Twain's home for the two most productive decades of his life, made a pilgrimage to his Tiffany-decorated mansion, now restored as a museum, and were "charmed," as the Mark Twain Memorial's newsletter put it, "by the Music Box, the mantel in the Library, the Venetian bed, and the Mahogany Room." The next day the entire orchestra of 130 came to take photographs and last looks. "Thanks," one of them wrote, "for this wonderful visit to the house of the [American] so dear to every Russian writer."

Charles Neider's little booklet **"Mark Twain and the Russians"** (Hill & Wang, 50¢) picks up a more official side of the relationship which "Priklyuchenia Finna Gekkelberri" has established since its first Russian appearance in 1888. The recent international exchange of opinion over the editing of Neider's version of "The Autobiography of Mark Twain" is now reasonably well known to readers of American newspapers. The texts of the letters between Neider and Berenitsky, editor of the *Moscow Literary Gazette,* have, however, not been available to us except by brief quotation. Neider's final reply to Berenitzky has not been available even to Russians, since the closing hour was called out before both sides were satisfied.

Not a great deal of importance emerges now from the published exchange, although they are interesting enough to read. The Russian official voice expectedly criticized Neider's omission of much of the vinegary satire

—Bettmann Archive.

Mark Twain—a rare perspicacity.

of his fellow-men which Clemens himself had included in his manuscript. Neider defends himself in terms of "a volume designed for the general reader, not the scholar . . . [hoping] to concentrate less on opinion and the second-hand recollection and more on the truly autobiographical, the more purely literary, and the more characteristically humorous material. For me Mark Twain is essentially a great fabulist and not a great maker of political utterances." Although elegantly put, it is the old argument: is Samuel Clemens to be the great American jokesmith or the great American writer?

The Russians erred, of course, in so solemnly accepting the book's advertisements that the Neider edition was definitive. Neider himself was explicit and honest enough in the book itself about his omissions. Still, what the Russians wanted for their reasons, and what many of us want for ours—though unlike Berenitzsky we will not blame the government for what is left out—is the autobiography as Samuel Clemens wrote it; or at least as much of the original as we are allowed to have. Mark Twain's skeptical views are not likely to upset anyone accustomed to the American habit, even the American strength, of self-criticism.

For those who do want a recent sampling of Mark Twain's directly political comments, Svend Petersen's **"Mark Twain and the Government"** (Caxton, $3.50) will serve as an ap-

His Daughter Remembers

MARK TWAIN had an acutely sensitive nature, which easily drew tears to his own eyes. In another man this might have appeared weak and unattractive, but in my father this capacity to choke up over a delicately touching incident made him all the more lovable to us and in no way weak. It was a proof of his rare perspicacity for seeing through all the veils of concealment, to the very center of the hearts of those who had been subtly wounded in the incident.

Of course Father loved humor in its infinite forms. He was certainly right in saying that humor softens the hardness in man.

Father liked to make the unexpected joke at serious moments. He would interrupt a serious session with almost anything that was not naturally implied or expected. But this he would do only when it was not offensive to do so.

Father was himself given easily to laughter. He laughed spontaneously and often, a full round laugh that seemed to take in the whole scenery. When he laughed, it was very much from the shoulders, with his white hair bobbing, and he shook and quivered in enjoyment.

Yet he could laugh quietly, too, almost privately, as if he thought to himself that something was truly funny even though others did not think so.

And quite naturally Father had an affinity for people who liked to read. I recall many discussions in our own home about reading. Very often these discussions came around to a subject that Father had fun talking about—poetry, and whether people should write poetry or not. Father loved good writing, in part, I think, because both in the writing of it and in the reading it is a way for men as well as boys to dream. And certainly Father loved to dream.

—From Clara Clemens Samossoud's foreword to a new one-volume edition of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (Platt & Munk).

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petizer. The volume is a collection of quotations drawn from the editor's impressively wide reading in the author's works. A political researcher in Washington, and presumably party-jaundiced, Mr. Petersen likes Twain's mugwump sentiments. His excerpts show Twain not so much as a brilliant political thinker, which he was not, as one who draws with wit from the well of common sense and common prejudice. "If we would learn what the human race *really is at bottom*," Twain says, "we need only observe it in election times."

The unpublished papers of Clemens have not, however, been unread. "To go poking about amongst them," Kenneth Lynn remarks in opening the final chapter of his fine book, **"Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5), "is an appalling experience. For they record . . . the steep descent of a richly humorous imagination into black despair. . . . The spirit of the country, he felt, had become hard and cynical. In a period which produced Frederick Jackson Turner's elegy to a vanished frontier, Stephen Crane's 'Maggie,' Brooks Adams's apocalyptic theory of history, and Thorstein Veblen's analysis of the predatory habits of the new ruling classes, Mark Twain depicted, in fragmentary fictions, a degraded civilization sliding toward final disintegration."

The line Professor Lynn traces is from the beginnings of the Whig tall tale as well as the Jacksonian tall tale. Mark Twain he associates more with the Whig tradition, as though to find even in his Hannibal youth the natural seed of the old man whose white suits were more like royal robes than workmen's togs. Readers of this book who hope to get quickly to Mark Twain are apt to be disappointed. Half of the book is prefatory. But of itself the first half is excellent, and as an introduction it makes "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" all the more meaningfully American by their inheritance of a tradition. It is one of Kenneth Lynn's achievements that the masterpieces by Twain which developed from Southwestern humor are not allowed to become simply prolegomena to despair, nor despair become epiphany.

But however we may look at Mark Twain's life or work as a whole, it is "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" which brings the world's applause to his memory. For a scholarly and critical imagination to concentrate on this node of his genius is as natural as it is desirable. In **"Mark Twain & Huck Finn"** (University of California Press, $7.50), Walter Blair has given a brilliant parallel to J. L. Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu" in reconstructing the road from Hannibal. Hannibal and the Mississippi, of course have their roles. "But I believe," Blair writes, "that even more important than Twain's remembered experiences were ways he manipulated and augmented them when he transmuted them into fiction. Therefore I discuss in greater detail the forces shaping such modifications—the man's life, his reading, his thinking, and his writing between 1874 and 1884."

Mark Twain's life was varied, his reading immense, his points of view shifting. Even the details of composition, studied by the aid of calligraphy and watermarks, are exceptionally complicated. The paths by which Professor Blair now leads us are, however, with his skilled care, easy to follow. Fortunately, the episodic nature of "Huckleberry Finn," its picaresque manner, allows for discrimination between scenes; Twain's thematic focuses on the nature of man, the distinctions between good and evil, and the sources of human action become equally helpful as guiding categories. The results are exciting, and "Huckleberry Finn" is worthy of scholarly devotion. For those who want to understand why it is called an adult's book suitable for children, in distinction to "Tom Sawyer" as a child's book suitable for adults, Walter Blair's book will be invaluable. It is distinguished scholarship. In itself it is a sufficient tribute on the fiftieth anniversary of the great writer's death.

A Bat for a Butterfly

"The Landscape and the Looking Glass," by John H. Randall III *(Houghton Mifflin. 425 pp. $5.95), subtitled "Willa Cather's Search for Value," makes a careful study of that author's works. Critic Leon Edel is the co-author of the biography "Willa Cather" and other books.*

By Leon Edel

THIS BOOK contains passages of thoughtful, just, and sometimes discriminating analysis of Willa Cather's novels and stories. Its author contends that she oversimplified her characters, had a superficial "theory of history," and clung to her symbol of the Rock as the *summum bonum* because it was a kind of sanctuary from a world she refused to face. These things, to be sure, have been said before, but Mr. Randall presents them with sincerity and high seriousness – although with an excess of documentation.

Indeed, the cardinal defect of his book, and it is a serious one, is that he treats a slender, primitive writer, who in some minor respects was an emulator of Virgil and of Horace, as if she were a writer of the stature of a Mann or Camus. In other words, Randall is guilty of a fundamental failure in critical perspective: he brings to bear the large artillery of "objective correlatives," "fertility myths," "family rituals"—all the abracadabra of our exegetical and ritualistic critics—on what? On a simple landscape, a prosaic evening meal in a farmhouse, an adolescent's prairie-dream of the great city! Such criticism may be needed to propound Pound or to explain Eliot, but surely it has no place in the treatment of a series of novels written in a minor key; novels, moreover, that make no pretense either to philosophy, or theory of history, or to the "study" of society, or even to a serious literary esthetic.

Miss Cather had no theories. She had a great many often unpleasant, often even irritating prejudices. But a prejudice is not a theory. In her later phase, she wrote out of a kind of stubborn prairie "cussedness"; she wanted the glorious pioneer America to remain, whereas it was fading like a mirage. To discuss such prejudices and such aching nostalgia as if they represented a coherent body of thought is to read

(*Continued on page* 35)

—Collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.

"Christina's World," by Andrew Wyeth.

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"I Still Have Much To Say"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is a poet and critic who translated and edited "The Poetry of Boris Pasternak" (G. P. Putnam's Sons and Capricorn, 1959). At present he is working on a biography of Pasternak.*

BORIS PASTERNAK did not die in the flash of his youth, but displayed to the very last all the ardor and high purpose of an intensely concentrated poetic nature. Only a few months ago he wrote to me in English, "I shall not submit to be quiet, although to work in my 'enviable' situation is almost impracticable." The strain of being pilloried in his native land, of being proclaimed "an enemy of the people," finally took its toll. The tragedy of his last days was heightened by his realization that he would not be able to complete his message.

As in the case of Leo Tolstoy when he broke his family chains, Pasternak's final moral assertion in writing and then publishing "Doctor Zhivago" abroad was but a prelude to his own death. Paradoxically enough, Pasternak died in the very year that marks the fiftieth anniversary of Tolstoy's death, thus adding another link to that dramatic chain of Russian literary destinies, which also includes Pushkin, Lermontov, Blok, Essenin, and Mayakovsky.

Boris Pasternak resembled Leo Tolstoy in at least one respect: He was a man of conviction and clearly cut moral judgment. But he was no aggressive descendant of Ibsen's Dr. Stockman; nor was he especially interested in social or political problems except insofar as they affected negatively, through falsehood and hypocrisy, the human, poetic, and universal ideals of truth and integrity. A non-ideologist and a man of peace, Pasternak shunned the public platform, controversy, and debate; but, when asked or obliged to speak, he was hair-raisingly frank and almost embarrassingly heedless of the consequences when his convictions were at stake. Unofficially, this made him extremely popular and respected. In his quiet way, he fought a lonely fight against the encroaching "power of depersonalization."

Boris Pasternak spent forty years of relative restriction and semi-confinement in the Soviet Union. Never a Communist, just an artist and citizen, he was forced to be on the defensive most of the time, unlike some of the more active and accepted writers such as Mayakovsky and Fadeyev, who found themselves on the defensive only toward the end of their lives and who then committed suicide. Pasternak's right to exist was often questioned and, for long years, a public was deliberately denied him. Finally, he could not even write in privacy all he wanted—"in Russian conditions it is impossible."

The Moscow Radio (as reported in *The London Times* of June 2) argued that "the writer realized that he had failed to gain the readers' sympathy, and so he concentrated on making translations of works by foreign authors." Such official statements are patently absurd and hypocritical, and are intended to mislead the innocent. The truth is that Pasternak's work had been published in the Soviet Union mainly between 1925 and 1936 and also between 1943 and 1946, but it had always been suppressed during periods of purges or tightened control. Since "The Last Summer" ("Povest") in 1934, no book of his prose has been published in the Soviet Union. And it is fifteen years since his last book of poems appeared there. It is completely untrue to say that Pasternak has no reading public. All the editions of his work were snapped up instantly, even the 40,000 copies of his "Collected Poems" (1933-36), and these editions have long been the rarest of collectors' items. His later cycle of poems, "A Rift in the Clouds," was circulated in typescript. Thus Pasternak had and still has a large potential public in Russia. The claim that Pasternak did translation because "he failed to gain the readers' sympathy" should read: he translated because other means of literary subsistence were denied him.

The Zhivago episode was the culmination of a long and arduous adherence to a poetic principle and a moral conviction. This "book of life" was, so to speak, sweated out in blood and tears and written at the risk of the author's life. It was also the product of the poet's artistic and moral necessity, and of his absolute need to reaffirm the values of love and idealism in a world of distorted perspective.

IN the Soviet Union, Boris Pasternak adhered stanchly to the most difficult position of all—that of an independent poet, a man of conscience, and an exponent of the purest elements of creation. In retrospect, the consistency of his attitude amazes. The Pasternak of 1925 said, "We are not experiencing a cultural revolution; we are experiencing, it seems to me, a cultural reaction." The Pasternak of 1936 declared at a Congress, "I shall not repeat what you have said . . . but shall dispute with you; and since you are in the majority, the dispute this time will be fatal, and its issue will be in your favor." The Pasternak of "Doctor Zhivago" affirms "the two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of the free personality and the idea of life as a sacrifice."

The poet, who maintained that "we must attain in practice to the freedom and daring of the imagination," paid a heavy price for his noncompliance with autocratic directives. The tragedy lies in the wilful waste and frustration of an eminently creative life. To the drama of his public situation was added the deeper personal agony of his realization that he had so much left to do—he was desperately trying to finish a play—and so little time to do it. In a letter to me in English, dated February 7, 1960, he wrote: "I tear my hair by [at] the thought such [a] great appreciable part of my life . . . has been wasted. I still have much to say, and the life has come to its conclusion." —GEORGE REAVEY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PHOTOS, PAINTINGS, AND PUMAS

JUST A WORD of praise and gratitude for the second year of "Photography in the Fine Arts" [*SR*, May 28]. I am 100 per cent for your undertaking and I certainly hope it continues.

PRESTON LANGWORTHY.

Brownsville, Texas.

I WAS SHOWING the PFA photographs in *SR* to a friend. When we came to Dmitri Kessel's "Puma" (the shot of the animal approaching), his comment was: "Taken, no doubt, by the *late* Mr. Kessel."

G. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Bronxville, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Kessel, very much alive, explains that the photograph was made in a zoo without bars in Belém, Brazil, while four animal handlers stood close by. The puma rumbled menacingly but evidently realized it was outnumbered.*

LOOKING AT THE pages of photographs reproduced in *SR*, my first, strongest, and most lasting impression was the remarkable degree to which they resemble paintings of various schools and periods.

The photos were of course selected in support of the thesis that photography at its best can be considered a fine art. There has long been and there still is much difficulty in accepting this view, for many of us. If, as these reproductions indicate, photography's claim to a fine arts status depends on the extent to which it resembles painting (and thereby loses its identity as photography) the claim becomes absurd.

BUCKLEY MAC-GURRIN.

El Monte, Calif.

IF SUCH PHOTOS are not art, then what is? When I first looked at Ernst Haas's "Norway Fjord, 1959" I let out a low whistle of delight, and the memory of it keeps cropping up to blot out the offensive views around town.

HELEN YENNE.

Dallas, Tex.

UNREAD WRITERS

AS A NATIVE Californian, I have had a good many years of contact with Hollywood writers. The article "The Unread Writers of Hollywood," by William Fadiman [*SR*, June 4], seems to me the most lucid and comprehensive statement about their peculiar problems and contributions that I have yet seen in print. More of this kind of exploration into the cultural anthropology of Hollywood could be undertaken with considerable profit to all of us.

IRVING STONE.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

MAY I CONGRATULATE you on one of the few intelligent articles written about the screen writer in Hollywood.

Mr. Fadiman writes well and, what is more to the point, informedly, about a guilt-ridden group of craftsmen who have been maligned, misquoted, incorrectly glamourized, and, what is most often the case, disregarded.

The screen writer is part of a vast team, and when he is allowed to function that way, better pictures are the result. When this becomes the routine instead of the rarity, the entire motion picture industry will benefit.

MAX N. BENOFF.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH.

"And do you Elise, accept this man—'De gustibus non est disputandum'—to be your lawful . . ."

SECRET DIPLOMACY

IN THE REVIEW of our book "The Russian Push Toward Japan: Russo-Japanese Relations, 1697-1875" [*SR*, May 21] the author's name (George Alexander Lensen) is never mentioned.

R. MIRIAM BROKAW,
Princeton University Press.

Princeton, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets the omission.*

WAS WRIGHT WRONG?

HENRY HEWES, in his article "Father Courage" [*SR*, June 4], seems to miss the salient features of Frank Lloyd Wright's Dallas Theater Center. To mention only one, he refers to the light-colored auditorium, which, in his opinion, makes it impossible to achieve a satisfactory degree of darkness. Surely Mr. Hewes fails to see that the Dallas Theater Center was not designed as a motion picture theatre or for nineteenth-century concepts of stage presentation. Rather, it is free of the illusions of the film and the proscenium stage with its naturalistic settings. By placing the performers and the audience in the same space, Wright has increased the feeling of presence. The spectator is no longer required to project himself into another world but is free to retain his own identity and to see the play as an event of which he is a part. Conscious participation and communication are accordingly heightened.

In conclusion, it is one thing to turn all the lights out to make the stage dark. But it is quite another thing to express the *quality of darkness* through the miming of the actor. Herein lies the true province of the theatre.

RICHARD A. HELSTERN.

Chicago, Ill.

ALL THEATRE involves a process of selection. "We will show the audience *this*, but not *that*." And one means of accomplishing this is by placing what we want the audience to see in lighted areas, and what we do not want it to see in darkened areas. While we may wish the audience to be visible, it is difficult for me to envision any circumstance in which we might want people to look at bright yellow auditorium walls that happen to be reflecting more light than the performers. Please note that when Elia Kazan staged his "open-stage" production of "J.B.," he insisted that the yellow walls of the ANTA Theatre be painted a dark brown in the area nearest the stage.

HENRY HEWES.

New York, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Elmer Gantry, Rev. Ed.

RICHARD BROOKS, the adapter and director of "**Elmer Gantry**," likes to recall that his friend Sinclair Lewis had often suggested digging up the original reviews of the book if he ever intended to make a movie of it. "Don't make the same mistakes I did," said Lewis. "Benefit from hindsight." Mr. Brooks obediently went back to the reviews; I went back to the novel. And as a citizen of that thriving metropolis of Zenith might put it, Lewis was 100 per cent kee-rect. In Gantry, Lewis had created an incredible monster, a walking catalogue of vices, while the novel itself was primarily a polemic directed against the fundamentalist dogma—and clergy—of the day. Brooks wisely threw both of them out the window, retaining only enough to lay valid claim to the title.

What he has retained is that colorful section in which Elmer joins Sister Falconer's itinerant evangelical church, although bits and pieces of what went before and what came later in the novel are skilfully interwoven and integrated with these scenes. Much has been changed as well. Scores of characters in the novel's huge cast have been eliminated, others combined to make a single character, some expanded (like our old friend George Babbitt), and some altered beyond recognition. Also gone are the references to specific sects: Gantry had been first a Baptist, then a Methodist; now he is simply a nondenominational expounder of "that old-time religion."

And yet each of these changes has served to make the film tighter, more credible, and ultimately more affecting than the book. Brooks, with all his pruning and changing, kept his eye on the drama at all times—unlike Lewis, who permitted his story to wander all over the map of the United States in compiling the *dossier* of his hero's scurrilities. In this instance, at least, it is Brooks, not Lewis, who had the true instincts of a novelist.

This is even more apparent in the handling of Gantry himself. On paper, he is insufferable—a liar, a cheat, an adulterer, ignorant, loud, coarse, cruel, unscrupulous, sacrilegious. In his incarnation on film, Gantry is all of these things—but he is also lusty, fun-loving, life-loving. In a word, he has become human. And if he is no less objectionable as a human being than in Lewis's version, he is a lot more believable.

No small part of this is due to the extraordinary performance by Burt Lancaster in the title role. He *is* Gantry, from the flashy suit right down to the holes in his socks. In the revival tent, he pounds the Bible, flails the air, shouts at the top of his powerful voice, "Can you hear me, Lord?" with all the frightening intensity of the late Billy Sunday. (Some of Sunday's gestures and speeches, incidentally, have been incorporated into the characterization.) But in the earlier sequences, before he "hears the call," the cheap *bonhommie* of the traveling salesman, the knowing smirk of the confirmed lecher bent on another conquest, the obsequious fawning of a con man angling to get close to a good thing—all of these and more Lancaster projects with equal conviction. So much so that Gantry's final regeneration (another Brooks innovation) is completely acceptable.

Also helpful is Jean Simmons's finely shaded portrayal of Sharon Falconer, the hardheaded young revivalist. Actually, in the book Sharon seems even more contrived than Elmer himself, manufactured specifically to inject a bit more sex and shock into the text. She is little Katy Jonas from Shantytown, the female counterpart of Elmer Gantry, clawing out a toe hold for herself in a man's world. By making her a true believer, unordained but convinced that she is carrying the word of God to mankind, Brooks again succeeds in bringing a caricature to life. But more than that, he makes her dynamic—the motivating force for a change in Elmer. For Lewis, her death by fire was meaningless, except as an escape hatch to send Gantry on to new conquests. But even according to Lewis, Elmer loved her sincerely; and now her martyrdom for faith becomes a turning point, the revelation of the real meaning of religion for Elmer. Not that he strides out of the picture a thoroughly reformed character. "I'll see you in hell, brother," is his cheery last line. But he is no longer the Elmer Gantry we met at the beginning of the picture. And although Sinclair Lewis's book covers a far greater period (almost thirty years, in fact), the Elmers on page 1 and page 427 are virtually the same.

Perhaps this is the place to raise the question of whether a film maker actually has a right (moral, that is) to alter a famous book, even though the alterations be an improvement. (Generally, Hollywood has been attacked for *ruining* a famous book, but there the issue is lost.) Obviously, I am not thinking of the many changes dictated by film syntax or even by watchful censors. But Richard Brooks, apparently with Lewis's blessing, dipped into "Elmer Gantry" and came up with what is essentially a new work—a trenchant, virile screenplay that uses the novel primarily as a point of departure, and perhaps secondarily as a source of verisimilitudinous detail.

I SUSPECT that Mr. Brooks is on the right track. If the original critics were less than kind to "Elmer Gantry," the passing years have been even harsher (see the article on the next page). Gantry today has become a synonym for a corrupt, hypocritical clergyman, even as his friend Babbitt has become a synonym for the self-centered, soft-centered, small-town businessman. Here is the main validity of Lewis's work, and it is this core of recognition that Brooks has carried over into his film. But the iteration and reiteration with which Lewis pounded his points and wearied his readers (when they weren't being titillated) have been stripped away, and the characters move with a life of their own through Lewis's landscapes. Actually, looking back, it was these landscapes that revealed Lewis at his best as a creative writer. He was an ardent researcher as well as a keen reporter, and he got the feeling and meaning of these sights onto the page along with their physical descriptions.

And for this aspect of Lewis, Brooks, as director, properly relied on his camera. For the revival meetings, he has assembled faces that look as if they had never been out of the "Bible belt." He has set down, in beautifully controlled color, the inside of a brothel, a speakeasy of the Twenties, and finally the sleazy, gaudy "Waters of the Jordan Tabernacle," with a relish for period portraits that rivals Lewis's own. From his large cast, which includes Dean Jagger, Arthur Kennedy, Shirley Jones, and Edward Andrews (in a flawless interpretation of Babbitt), he has drawn meaningful, vibrant characterizations. And he has staged it all for what once was called the "normal" screen—the old, almost square rectangle that is still ten times more dynamic than any wide screen yet invented.

Altogether, this "Elmer Gantry" is a brilliant, provocative film. Unlike water, it has risen higher than its source.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Sinclair Lewis: Forgotten Hero

By MAXWELL GEISMAR, *essayist and literary critic. Mr. Geismar is the author of "The Novel in America," a series of books on American fiction from 1860 to the present. His most recent work is "American Moderns."*

A NATIONAL, almost a cultural, hero in the Twenties and Thirties, Sinclair Lewis witnessed a sharp decline of his career and his popularity in the Forties. Indeed, he spoke of his later self as a stranger, or a ghost. Since then, we have seen a Fitzgerald revival, a Faulkner revival, a Hemingway revival; but Lewis's critical reputation has remained at a low ebb. Once called the Bad Boy of National Letters, he is now almost the forgotten man.

There are valid reasons for part of this decline (I myself have said harsh things about Lewis's later work, both in these columns and elsewhere). But it seems odd that this American novelist, who was in his time the spokesman for the new realism of the post-World War I epoch, who was indeed America's literary voice, should now be so completely neglected. Odd—and unreasonable; and also, in this shift from adulation to neglect, very American. We should remember that Sinclair Lewis wrote one great book, and at least five or six other very interesting novels. Even in the poorer books, he prophesied and projected the real meaning of that standardized, prefabricated, delimited "middle-middle" class culture which dominates, which *is* American life today.

That was Lewis's great contribution to American letters; his tragedy as an artist was simply that he could not separate his own values from the material he satirized so sharply. The conflict in his temperament was apparent in the whole group of apprentice novels ("The Trail of the Hawk," "Our Mr. Wrenn," "The Job," "Free Air") which he wrote from 1914 to 1919, where the vision of a rather hazy socialism, plus the bohemian life of art and culture, was set against the ideals of "scientific efficiency" in business, of "getting ahead," and of material success. But with "Main Street" in 1920, he was on different terrain, so it seemed, and he had achieved his first national best-seller. The change coincided with the new emancipation of the Jazz Age, and Carol Kennicott was a heroine to be placed alongside Fitzgerald's blazing flappers, or Hemingway's Lady Brett, or those more poignant ladies of Edna Millay who built their palaces upon the sand.

Carol's was built, instead, upon the mud of Gopher Prairie; and doesn't she now seem to be a kind of amateur Madame Bovary? But already, in this tale of an ugly, barren, thwarted American town, there were all the omens and premonitions of the "smooth, standardized, fixed" existence of Zenith in "Babbitt" itself. This was Lewis's best work (and of all his books the one most likely to be a classic) because it was, underneath the brilliant photographic realism of our small-city business society, a nightmare of mercantile anxiety. The dollar sign, said the Miles Bjornstam of "Main Street," had chased the crucifix clean off the map, but in "Babbitt" it also negated the hero's home, his wife, his children, and all notions of a pleasurable and human life. From the novel's inception in its hero's bedroom, "as neat and negative as a block of artificial ice," to the conclusion of its latest and biggest real-estate deal, the novel is an almost perfectly conceived poetic vision of a standardized society. It is our native "Inferno," as I have said, of a mechanized and mass-produced hinterland—the Utopia of Rotary—where dwell a new race of synthetic and prefabricated common men conversing in the verbiage, "folksy" and tricky, of a super-public-relations advertising agency.

Looking backward, we can now see that "Babbitt" was indeed, far from being purely realistic, a symbolic projection of the American future quite in the vein of George Orwell's "1984." It was democracy's challenge to dictatorship, as it were, in a universe increasingly dominated by science and technology. Yet in his next novel, the "Arrowsmith" of 1925, Lewis still retained his rather naïve belief that the scientist was the only true modern hero; while in "Elmer Gantry," two years later, he took on the whole gamut of commercialized religion. And this novel (from which derives the current movie) still remains one of the most ambitious, confused, and puzzling of Lewis's works.

Certainly the whole area of the

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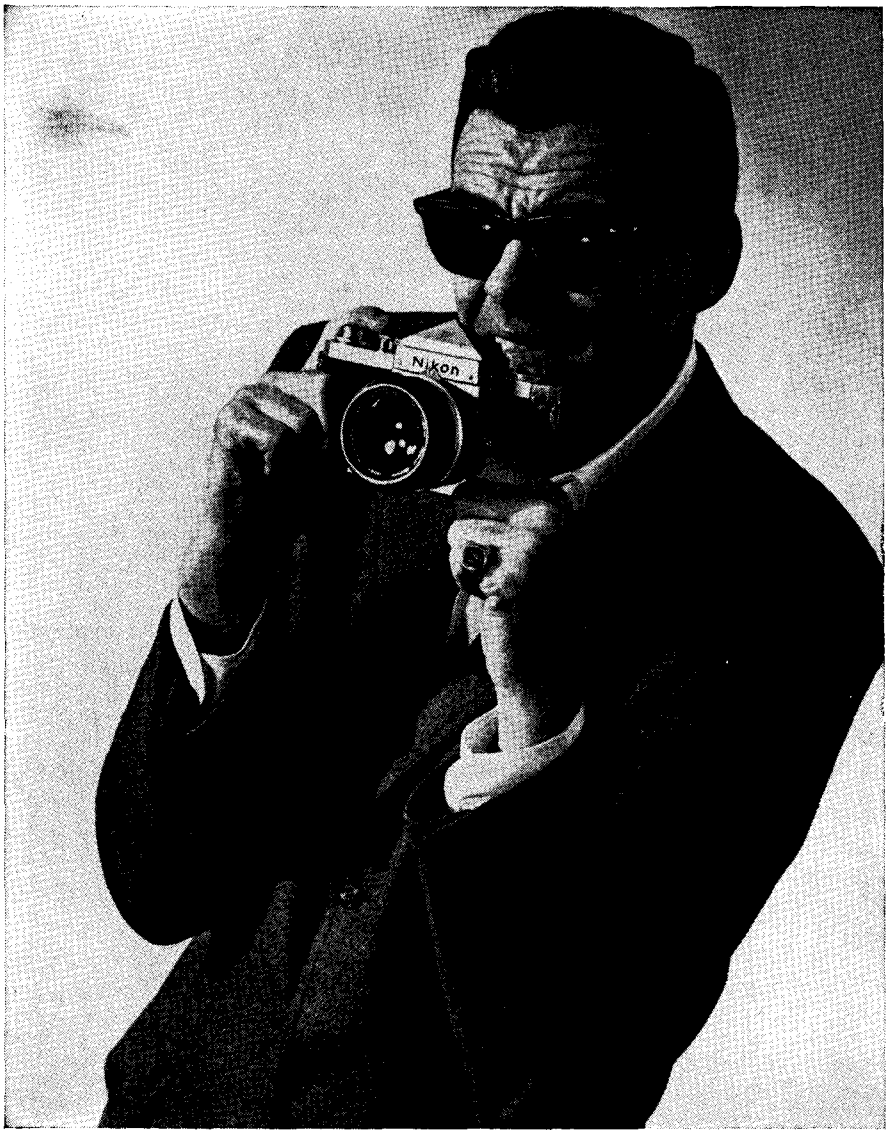

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lunatic fringe in American religious activity was a legitimate theme for a native satirist. From the orgiastic sects of the Bible belt to the spiritualistic circles of Hollywood, from moral rearmament to vegetarianism, from scientific religion to the demagogic radio "priests"—over this whole scene of religious prejudice and fanaticism, or of commercialized and mass-minded revivalism, played Lewis's high sense of farce and comedy. (And beneath this, his contempt for the debasement of the human spirit, his outrage at the corruption of legitimate human values.) There are sections of "Elmer Gantry" that remind us of the best things in "Babbitt," and again they possess a kind of extrarealistic and extrasatirical quality. We get the sensation of another excursion into the Inferno, a nether-world composed of the blind religious paroxysms of a society that lacks all sense of religion.

"Dodsworth" (1929) continued the high vein of Lewis and was probably his best example of "real realism" (vis-à-vis a satire that was at base symbolic, nightmarish, almost surrealistic). Sam Dodsworth was, so to speak, the Babbitt of reality—a fine figure that goes back in our literature to Howells's Silas Lapham. But "It Can't Happen Here," in 1935, was probably the last of Lewis's major novels. And what happened after that is one of those mysterious tragedies of a wasted and dissipated talent that should have been at the peak of its creative power. We know that Sinclair Lewis was a tormented, withdrawn, and uneasy spirit; probably he drank too much; his domestic life was turbulent; his sense of exile was permanent. But Lewis was singularly ill-equipped to deal with the social crises that marked the Thirties and Forties. He retreated to the platitudes, and often the prejudices, of his provincial origins; he began to "atone" for the earlier satire which still remains his most enduring and significant work.

That, at least, is the easiest interpretation of the series of later novels (from "Work of Art" and "The Prodigal Parents" to "Cass Timberlane" and "Kingsblood Royal") that marked the decline of a literary career at once so brilliant and so curiously blighted. Yet, just as we could use another Mencken today, to throw open the blinds upon, and to throw brickbats into the parlors of, our own bland period of social conformity, so in the 1960s we may feel the loss, the missing weight of Sinclair Lewis's satiric rebellion and protest. This last frontier anarchist, with his dessicated visage, his rapier-like wit, his cold reptilian stare, might once again shock us out of our respectable inertia, our blind and euphoric complacency.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Orientation Course

WITH sure-handed theatrical bravura the Grand Kabuki followed its distinguished opening bill at City Center with an even more striking second trio of plays. The first of these, "The Maiden at Dojoji Temple," is reportedly the most difficult play in the whole Kabuki repertoire. It consists of a series of dances by a maiden who turns into a serpent to destroy the temple bell in retribution for her rejection in love by one of its priests. This Freudian parable (written in 1753) triumphs as a tour de force for Nakamura Utaemon VI, who holds us rapt with his skills.

First, there are the subtle dance movements done with hands, head, and mouth, which have an economy and grace that remind one of Margot Fonteyn. Then there are the before-our-eyes costume changes accomplished with the aid of "invisible" attendants. Finally, there is the unabashed acknowledgment that the dance is being performed by one of Japan's most popular actors. For instance, at one juncture Utaemon, like Gypsy Rose Lee, tosses to the audience towels imprinted with his personal crest. And at another the priests even remark that this maiden resembles that well-known Kabuki actor, Utaemon.

If dramatic conflict is your cup of *sake*, you will find it in the second playlet, "The Forty-seven Ronin" (*ronin* are warriors who, when their chief has been executed and his property confiscated, find themselves displaced). As recent newspaper headlines suggest, the Japanese are good at public protest, and when in 1703 such an injustice occurred, this play immediately appeared with fictitious names, time, and location. However, it boldly used the actual events and even painted the crest of the actual participants on the walls of the scenery.

The play starts with the villainous Governor Moronao's despicable advances to the wife of his deputy. Then we are fascinated by the way in which the governor takes out his rejection by her on her husband, Enya Hangan. Both shocking and sardonically humorous is Moronao's comparing of Enya to a cowardly carp whose weak movements he sneeringly describes with the words "Peewee, Peewee." The spectacle of Enya trying to control himself and then his frustration as his uncontrolled outburst falls short of killing Moronao are beautifully done. And no less effective is the ensuing scene where Enya, ordered by the emperor to commit suicide, struggles to maintain his composure in the face of injustice. For Americans, human sympathy is mixed with a morbid curiosity about the Japanese process of self-execution in which the condemned nobleman is allowed to die with the greatest possible dignity.

The ritual is simple. Enya, dressed in white undergarments, sits upon a mat. Wrapping the knife in a white towel so that only the tip of the blade is exposed, he thrusts it into his left side and draws it across his abdomen. Since this disembowelment brings a slow and painful death, the honorable man is allowed to shorten the period of suffering at his own discretion by cutting his jugular vein. (This Tokyo Kabuki company performs without the blood effects that the Osaka company reportedly features.)

Enya's death leaves his faithful warriors homeless and jobless. Their leader, Yuranosuke, vows vengeance on Moronao, and although the full play shows him achieving it, the portion presented here ends with a scene in which he bids farewell to the home of his forefathers. Onoe Shoroku II plays this scene with great power, to the accompaniment of the sound of crows in the surrounding forest. He seems to be filled with terrible feelings, and his final exit down the runway is less a run than it is the emesis of an emotionally surfeited being.

Then, like Olivier (who performed "The Critic" after "Oedipus"), Shoroku returns from tragedy to show us his versatility in farce. The final play of the program is "The Substitute," a sort of Maggie and Jiggs episode in which Shoroku plays an ugly, browbeating wife who belatedly foils her husband's attempts to spend a night out. Both Shoroku and Kanzaburo, who plays the unfortunate husband, perform the stock humor in sharply defined rhythmic patterns. While the scene in which he keeps making matters worse for himself is funny, perhaps the nicest stage picture is the one in which we see the half-drunk husband's face light up as he remembers the pleasures of his forbidden evening.

Those theatre-goers in San Francisco and Los Angeles who can see only one program should pick this combination for its variety, and because its satisfactions are ones that Americans can most readily share. —HENRY HEWES.

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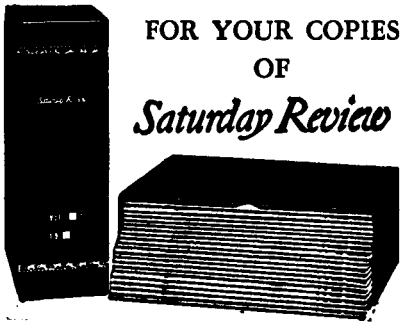

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Lone Road from Abilene to Zululand

"Earth, My Friend," by Peter Townsend *(Coward-McCann. 351 pp. $5.75), ostensibly an account of the author's global tour, offers a close-up of the man Princess Margaret almost married. John Phillips, Life's first "photographer-reporter," wrote "Odd World," the story of twenty years spent covering great events around the world.*

By John Phillips

GOSSIP-HUNTERS will find Peter Townsend's book, "Earth, My Friend," as frustrating as he found his romance with Princess Margaret. He makes no mention of the Princess who lifted him from relative obscurity to unhappy fame. But the absent Princess is made ever-present in the reader's mind both by Townsend's behavior and by what he leaves unsaid. The close-up look at the man Margaret gave up is more interesting than his view of the world he circled on his emotional safari after Princess Margaret announced she would not marry him.

Throughout his journey Townsend seems more preoccupied with his thoughts and his driving than interested in what he sees. He can report on a European capital: I had "the petrol system cleaned out." In New Orleans he stopped only for traffic lights, but managed to see a little something because he lost his way.

While in Townsend the airman we sometimes sense an embryonic Saint-Exupéry, there is more often stiff-upper-lip understatement. "I had hardly seen my brother in the last twenty years, and now I found him, in jungle green, standing in the garden beside his wireless truck, speaking into the microphone. I asked him what on earth he was doing and he replied, 'Fighting bandits. I must rush off in a moment and leave you.'"

Being alone is the leitmotiv of Townsend's book. One night in Africa he reflects this passage from Ecclesiastes: "Two are better than one: . . . if they fall the one will lift up his fellow: . . . if two lie together then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?"

This is what Peter Townsend seeks to find out as he sets off from Brussels "into the fog and darkness of an autumn night" on a journey which leads him back there eighteen months later via Abilene, Bangkok, Chichicastenango, Darjeeling, Erzurum, Fremantle, Ghardaia, Hong Kong, Istanbul, Jasper, Kuala Lumpur, Lambaréné, Mandalay, New Delhi, Oaxaca, Peking, Quito, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago, Tamanrasset, Ulm, Vancouver, Waikiki, Xochimilco, Yugoslavia, and Zululand, to mention only the better known landmarks.

This 57,000-mile journey in a Rover, over the bumpiest roads in existence, is hardly a travel book. In reality the journey is a search for Peter Townsend. This search takes him to an Asia he finds too poor to the United States, which he finds too rich, and to Africa, where he meets Albert Schweitzer. The "*grand docteur*" tells him: "You and I have things in common to talk about and we are going to talk as man to man. Please do not write about that." At the end of his search Townsend finds that ". . . the truth of what I am lies in me, and not in what people say or think about me."

For his part the reader discovers Townsend is a very gentle man when not aroused by snoring, angered by space rockets to the moon, and outraged with the press. "My feelings about the sensational press are reinforced by experience. By accident, no less, it happened that I was one of a few men who fought in a battle in which the liberty of mankind was unquestionably at stake, and I mention the fact only to give force to my point of view. . . . Liberty means as much to the press as it does to anyone, but it is sometimes now used to enforce a tyranny more monstrous than that from which it was saved." This wild disapproval of the American press in particular colored Townsend's judgment about this country and led him "to skirt the big cities and . . . only hope to creep through the rest without being detected."

In a more relaxed mood he will mention without a smile ". . . a little village with the engaging name of Tit." In the best British style Townsend has a sense of humor against himself:

> There was my breakfast, but I decided to shave before having it; in this event the boiled eggs would get cold, so I wrapped them up in my handkerchief and put them in my trouser pocket.
>
> At this moment the hurricane lamp went out . . . and now of all things my nose began to bleed . . . and I began a frantic search for my handkerchief; nowhere could I find it until I realized the eggs were wrapped up in it. So I unwrapped them, put them back in my pocket and with the handkerchief staunched the flow of blood. . . . This operation over I bent down to put my shoes on and there was a sickening crunch—the eggs.

More than 100 black and white photographs illustrate the book. To me, as a photographer, Townsend's pictures are simple and direct—closer to life than the professional and slick work of Princess Margaret's Mr. Armstrong-Jones.

On the dust jacket there is a color portrait of the author taken by Marie-Luce Jamagne, the Belgian tobacco heiress, now Mrs. Peter Townsend.

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Emerald Isle, Family Style

IRISH-BORN Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberley took his small American son and daughter back to Ireland recently for two months so that they could learn something about their father's heritage. His amusing, anecdotal account of their travels—**"The Land That Isn't There: An Irish Adventure"** (Ives Washburn, $3.75)—is not a formal guidebook, but it is a wonderful introduction to the Irish.

What Mr. Wibberley conveys is a fine sense of place, a keen appreciation of the Irish temperament in all its magnificent confusion, and a very engaging sense of humor about the problems of housekeeping in country Ireland with two young children in tow. (The imminently expectant Mrs. Wibberley and several other small Wibberleys remained behind in the States.)

The trip began with a flight via Irish Air Lines ("We're there, thanks be to God") and included a stay in a remote village on the Gaelic-speaking coast of Connemara, as well as visits to "a gentler place less than twenty miles from Galway" and to the celebrated Rock of Cashel in Tipperary, where, according to legend, the ancient pagan kings of Ireland were crowned.

One of Mr. Wibberley's nicest talents is an ability to write about the country people of Ireland without getting caught up "Mother Machree" bathos. He tells about ghosts, Gypsies, folk medicine, a day at the races, a trip to one of the Aran Islands in a fishing boat, the Irish national memory of Cromwell, in a series of short, entertaining chapters, which are well illustrated by Ernie Melchior's line drawings.

If I had to recommend one light, amusing book to put a prospective visitor to Ireland into the proper mood, this would be it. —BARBARA BANNON.

Littoral Leisure

AN ACUTE DISEASE known as Polynesian Paralysis, which seized H. Allen Smith during a ten-week stay in Hawaii, apparently did not permanently impair his ability to translate his experiences into characteristically racy prose. He recovered at least long enough to record the symptoms in **"Waikiki Beachnik"** (Little, Brown, $3.95). A socially acceptable ailment along the lush paths that connect the Royal Hawaiian and Moana hotels, *hoopaumanawa* creates an intense aversion to mental and physical effort. And

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so Mr. Smith became a beachnik: he refused to visit the outer islands, to eat *poi*, or to penetrate the obscure symbolism in Hawaiian dancing. He was unshaken in his conviction that nothing interesting could possibly happen outside Waikiki, and adventure was supplied right in the neighborhood by countless People You Must Look Up, by a Mt. Kisco-bred typewriter that became "loose" and began throwing Hawaiian polysyllabic fits, by Mr. Smith's fascination with Hawaiian music and esoteric bits of local history. A seductive creature, known mysteriously as The Countess, slinks about on the arms of well-heeled elderly men, as well as through Mr. Smith's daytime fantasies. But as before, his wife Belle is there to act as a good-natured stabilizer for a spicy imagination and a roving eye.

For his admirers, H. Allen Smith's treatment of any subject is a mixture of the impudent, the mildly irrational, and even the hilarious. There are no doubt others who take exception to the tireless name-dropping (mostly from that vast overworld of publicity men, hotel managers, and gossip columnists) and the occasional lapses into bad taste.
—Jeanette Wakin.

Hellas Revisited

If a traveler to Greece had the good fortune to spend an entire year there, **"Greek Holiday"** (Taplinger, $6) would be a most useful guide, for the author has telescoped twenty-five years of what she has seen and learned into one calendar year. If the visit is a brief one, the book makes interesting reading nonetheless.

Anne Anthony, who describes herself as an American housewife in Greece, evokes a good deal of historical detail as the occasion moves her, but her book is primarily about the usage and folkways, the popular beliefs and religious practices of the Greek people. And since the narrative takes place in all seasons, she can cover most of Greece's important festivals.

Not the least interesting parts of Mrs. Anthony's book are her stories of a departed non-Greek community, mostly Americans, who formed a deep attachment to the country and expressed it by going about in bare feet and flowing white garments. The names of Isadora and Raymond Duncan, Eve Sikelianos, and a dozen others are meaningful today only to a handful among a vanishing generation. The author's affections lie, more realistically, with the Greek people and their strong Byzantine and Turkish connections. Unfortunately, Mrs. Anthony has treated her story in a somewhat self-conscious way, by using the device of carrying on a stilted conversation throughout the narrative with You, her imaginary companion.
—J. W.

Tea for the Tourist

Elizabeth Gray Vining, as everybody now knows, held the exalted and unique position of tutor to the Crown Prince of Japan for four years during the Occupation. Her experiences in this capacity were recounted in "Windows for the Crown Prince." Her latest book, **"Return to Japan"** (Lippincott, $4.50), is the story of her second and third appearances in Tokyo: in 1957 as a member of the P.E.N. Conference there, and again in 1959 as the only non-Japanese invited to the fabled wedding ceremonies of the Crown Prince.

This book will be widely read for its intimate glimpses of Imperial Palace life: what tea with the Dowager Empress was really like, what kind of a party the Crown Prince gives when he arranges it himself, what happens at a dinner when no one is present except the Emperor, his wife and children, *and* Mrs. Vining. We may read "Return to Japan" for one reason, but we finish by having a thoughtful, far-reaching, widely ranging study of Japan.

In placid prose, gently paced and studiously sequential, Mrs. Vining shares (it is too suffused with background and heart to be called "reports") her experiences in Japan. This time she is a tourist; before, as tutor to the Crown Prince and intimate of the Imperial Family, her movements attracted undue publicity and attention incompatible with the delicacy and discretion of her post. Now, she is free to travel as she likes, even to attend a geisha party, and she sails through Japan touching on everything of importance to the Japanese and us. She discusses Zen, she tells Japanese jokes, she describes poetry, she records conversations and letters which analyze the Occupation in retrospect and adumbrate the future, she introduces the reader to raw fish and plumbs the delights of Kabuki, she talks to nuns, she lectures on Quakerism to Zen priests, she details the home life within the many places she dines in, she even visits Princess Atsuko (now Mrs. Ikeda) on her farm where she lives as a commoner.

As one reads "Return to Japan" one senses the change and growth of the world; and Mrs. Vining has done more than her part in changing it and making it grow. —Faubion Bowers.

USA

Continued from page 23

forces in American history which usually have bound the nation together and only occasionally have threatened to shatter it. Mr. Brock spends most of his efforts on the age of the Revolution and the making of the Constitution, the era of nationalism, the Civil War (to which almost one-third of the book is devoted), the evolution of American liberal capitalism, and the last thirty dizzily spinning years of the present.

Two of the more acute and interesting chapters are the first and the last, in which Mr. Brock discusses the dominant forces and influences that have persisted down to the present in shaping the national experience. Some of the major elements contributing to the national amalgam, considered by the author, are "A nationalism which ignores race," real "social conventions of equality" not duplicated anywhere in Europe, an ethical code stemming from English unconforming religions that has even captured the Roman Catholic mind, and a political mentality "grown old in the ways of democracy," which "puts its faith in representative institutions while preserving a cynical mistrust of representatives." So effective have these collections of attitudes and loyalities been, he writes, that they have produced an ideological solidarity "which a Communist ruler may well envy."

But to single out any portion of this fine book is, in a way, to do injustice to the rest of it. Mr. Brock places the total evolution of the American experiment firmly in the mainstream of Western European development and thereby avoids a particularism that characterizes so much of the writing of American history. He calls the granting of Negro suffrage, for example, "the boldest experiment with democratic government" in the nineteenth century, this at a time when the agricultural laborers and other British subjects were denied the right to vote by the oldest existing parliamentary system in the world. Because of the author's nationality he is able to bring a spirit of detachment to his writing that few American historians can equal. His treatment, for example, of the Civil War, of the Versailles peace, and of such varied personalities as Abraham Lincoln, William Jennings Bryan, and Woodrow Wilson is remarkable for its insight and balance. In fact, this study is fairly sprinkled with fresh observations about many a well-worked-over sector of our history. It is a book bound to influence the future writing of our political history and one that all intelligent Americans can read with both profit and pleasure.

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Writers

Continued from page 25

Miss Cather much larger than she was.

This book, then, is an oversized work on a slender body of lyrical fiction and an even more slender batch of ideas. The very weight and volume of the criticism blocks our way. The mirror shows too much of the critic's visage, instead of the landscape. We are given novel-by-novel, story-by-story analysis. This is "explication" with a vengeance. And it is what we are reaping now as a consequence of the exaggerated exaltation in our Academy of "explication" as the highest form of criticism.

"The Landscape and the Looking Glass" remains, in book form, the dissertation it originally was. A dissertation is seldom a book: it is an exercise in historical and critical discipline. Before publication the "exercise" in it must be erased. Mr. Randall's dissertation won the *New England Quarterly* Literary Fellowship and therefore had a very real claim to be published. It is to be regretted that what he has given us is pedagogy, and the triumph of critical method over criticism itself.

Poet's Progeny?

"Free and Lonesome Heart: The Secret of Walt Whitman," by Emory Holloway *(Vantage Press. 232 pp. $4.50), is an effort to prove that John Whitman Wilder was the illegitimate son of Walt Whitman.*

By John Ciardi

EMORY HOLLOWAY once did valuable work as a biographer of Whitman and his signature is one that should command respect. It was something of a shock, therefore, to open his new book to the frontispiece photo of a boy of about twelve and to find it flatly captioned "John Whitman Wilder (Son of Walt Whitman)."

Such a claim by a scholar of any standing is likely to set off all sorts of fireworks. One thinks, for example, of the six-foot shelf of obfuscation that was added to Emily Dickinson's biography by writers in partial possession of the facts and in full possession of an eager imagination. Had Holloway uncovered real evidence or was this another burst of biographical imagination?

A reading of Mr. Holloway's book certainly turned up nothing as dramatic and definitive as the assertion of his frontispiece. Only the chapter on John Whitman Wilder enters upon any new material and that material is dealt with in a series of speculations based on the wilful piecing together of circumstantial evidence. The evidence begins with a gravestone in Warwick, New York. It proceeds to a letter written in 1955 in which a Mrs. Greene reports what she heard from her brother in 1880. And it concludes with the fact that among those who sent floral tributes to Walt Whitman's funeral there appears the name of John Whitman Wilder. Mr. Holloway also calls mightily upon Walt Whitman's assertion that he had fathered numerous illegitimate children. The fact remains that evidence of this order can be marshaled in support of any thesis.

Since I am not scholar of the minutiae of Whitman's life, I reached for the phone and called that master collector and correlator of Whitman documents, Charles E. Feinberg. Had Mr. Feinberg any unpublished documents on John Whitman Wilder? Mr. Feinberg had and within two days I received the photostat reproduced on page 36 of a letter to Walt Whitman from Mrs. M. A. Wilder (no relation to the poet), the text of which reads, with punctuation supplied for clarity:

> Dec 7, 1892
> 265 Berkely Place [Brooklyn]
>
> Perhaps Mr. Whitman remembers my daughter took the little boy "Jack Whitman," your nephew, some eighteen years ago from "Ann Whitman," the widow of your brother "Andrew Whitman," who gave him to her to educate and bring up—a few weeks since, the boy—now called "Jack W. Wilder" called at your house in Camden but found you too ill to see him. He is now twenty-three years, working in my son's office, or was a few weeks since. I write this to say the boy would be very much pleased if you should see fit to leave him in your will a picture of yourself and some of your books, the books of your own writings. He feels too modest to ask this—therefore I ask for him. & trust you may consider my request as coming from him. Thanking you for all the good works you have done for us all, I am most sincerely, Mrs. M. A. Wilder.

With that letter in the record (and it would have been available to Mr. Holloway at the price of the same phone call) there is not much left of this new version of "The Secret of Walt Whitman." The facts are:

Andrew Whitman died in 1863. In 1868 his widow, Nancy Ann Whitman, gave birth to twins. Holloway himself places the birth of John Whitman Wilder (basing it on John's Army service record) as March of 1868. And there exists a letter to Walt Whitman

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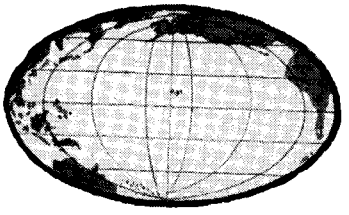

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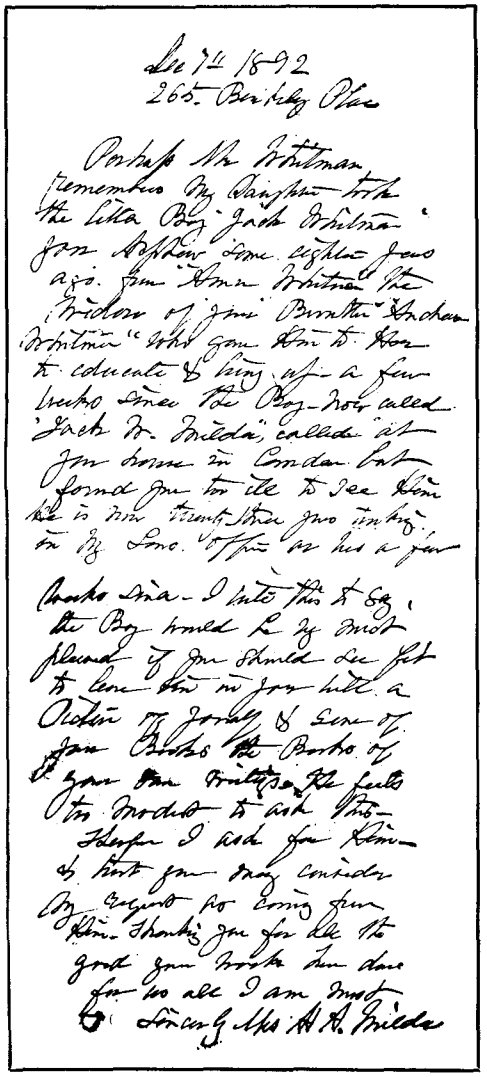
from his mother (now in the Trent Collection at Duke University and cited by Gay Allen in his "Solitary Singer," page 395) complaining of Nancy Ann Whitman's moral looseness. The letter is dated May 14, 1868, a time at which the birth of illegitimate twins to her daughter-in-law would certainly give Mrs. Whitman cause enough to complain.

The weight of all contemporary evidence, therefore, firmly establishes that John Whitman Wilder was one of the twins born to Nancy Ann Wilder in 1868. Unless we are to entertain the assumption (and Holloway himself would certainly reject it in dismay) that Walt Whitman begot twins by his brother's widow, the only possible relationship that can be established between the poet and John Whitman Wilder is that Nancy Ann Whitman took advantage of her late husband's relationship to pass the boy off as Walt Whitman's "nephew."

Let us hope that this particular phantom need haunt no future biographies of Whitman. And let me add my devoted thanks to Charles E. Feinberg for Mrs. Wilder's letter and for his permission to reproduce it.



Fiction

Continued from page 21

reason it can be strongly recommended to students of this oddly compelling way of life.

One of the most tantalizing things about the theatre—and this is something that Mr. Morgan has caught with chilling accuracy— is the fact that, once a play has started in rehearsal, nobody connected with it can be sure what's going to happen. There is wild optimism at the beginning, followed by forebodings of utter disaster, which in turn produce frantic revisions and rewriting that lead to a renewal of hope, and this cycle repeats itself to the accompaniment of overtones of hysteria, rage, and bitterness, until the fatal night when the curtain comes up on the New York opening. It is a form of Russian roulette with five chambers full and only one empty; it is a fascinating thing to watch.

The characters in Mr. Morgan's book are secondary to this over-all scheme, but they are believable and, for the most part, sympathetic. Taken singly and out of context their stories might be somewhat routine, but thrown together into the all-devouring project of the play, they provide the human element in a fundamentally inhuman situation.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.

TRUTH HAS A SINGING

By Jeannette Nichols

CASALS
knew it
in the mornings
when he laid
his music
on the beaches.
Picasso
knew it
in those spanish
afternoons
when his paint
sang forth
hot tongues.
And Pound
knew it
in the nights
when in that room
within a room
he struck
word after word
like matches
into singing.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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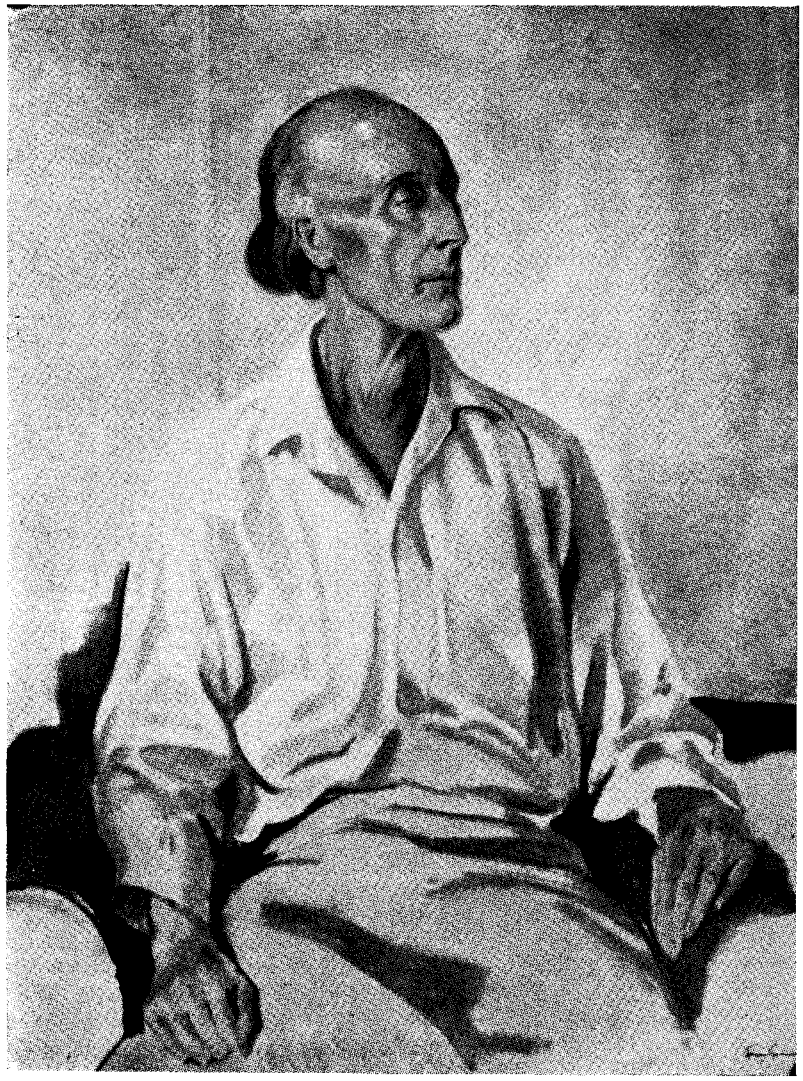

Frederick Delius by James Gunn, A.R.A. (1933).

SR/RECORDINGS

JUNE 25, 1960

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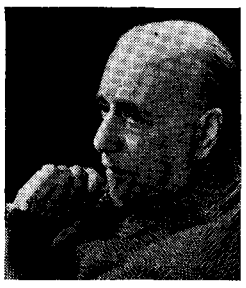
EARLY DAYS WITH DELIUS

By SIR THOMAS BEECHAM



More than thirty years ago Sir Thomas Beecham promised Jelka Delius, wife of the celebrated composer, that he would write a life story based on his long and close association with her husband. "Frederick Delius," from which the following excerpt is drawn, is scheduled to be published on July 18 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*

*©1959 by Sir Thomas Beecham.

IT WAS during October, 1907, that Frederick Delius made himself known to me after a concert I had been giving at Queen's Hall with a program of modern French and English music. It appeared that he had consulted Robin Legge about the choice of an orchestra for Cassirer's coming concert, and had been informed that there were at that time two only in London, the Queen's Hall and the London Symphony. But on the previous day he had noticed an advertisement in Legge's own newspaper of a concert to be given with a body of players about whom he had been told nothing, and had decided that he ought to hear what it could do although he had naturally assumed that it must be of recent formation. When I corrected this impression, he commented in a tone of voice that expressed both incredulity and derision, "London is the only city in the world where an obviously first-rate orchestra can appear many times during a full year without the knowledge of those whose business it is to write about such things." He advised Cassirer at once that here was the right sort of instrument for their joint requirements, and during the next few days he found it necessary to see me frequently.

Although I had previously heard a good deal about the man, my first impression of him was one of considerable surprise. "He must be a cardinal or at least a bishop in mufti," I kept on saying to myself, for his features had that mingled cast of asceticism and shrewdness one mentally associates with high-ranking ecclesiastics. I was also struck by a general air of fastidiousness

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and sober elegance rarely to be observed in artists of any kind. Unexpectedly contrasting, but not unpleasing, was his style of speech, of which the underlying basis was recognizably provincial. Not for him was the blameless diction so laboriously inculcated and standardized in our leading public schools and ancient universities. He loyally preserved his preference for the Doric dialect of that great northern county of broad acres, which looks down with compassion upon the miminy-piminy refinements of the softer south. Upon this had been grafted a polyglot mish-mash, acquired during his twenty-four years of self-imposed exile from England. Both French and German words interlarded his sentences, and he always spoke of the "orchester." At times he would invent with comical effect a composite word borrowed from more than one language to express his meaning, and I recall on one occasion later in our acquaintanceship how he complained plangently about the ugly "ayderadoon" in the bedroom of his hotel, which obliged me to think twice before grasping what he meant.

IN listening to music of any sort at a concert, he sustained an impeccable demeanor of absorbed attention, and anyone who had the temerity to disturb it was rebuffed by a spirited explosion of annoyance. In public he was invariably dignified, reticent, and well mannered; and of Bohemianism there was no visible sign. Only in private circles did he let himself go, giving vent with delightful gusto to opinions on music or any other subject. When standing, he never put his hands in his pockets, but let them hang down by his sides with a quasi-military precision oddly at variance with the rest of his posture. No one in those days ever saw him smoking, although I subsequently learned that in his earlier years he had rarely been seen, like Colonel Newcome, without a cigar in his mouth.

The first performance in England of "Appalachia" (1907) is one of the half-dozen momentous occasions I have known over a period of more than fifty years. I am thinking here less of my own personal reaction to the music than that of the very considerable audience assembled to hear it. In a word, it was one of the few red-letter days in English music, an occasion that the majority of the press failed to appreciate. Fortunately, it is not those who write about music whose opinions ultimately influence its destinies, and one of the anachronisms of our age is the belief, on the part of old-fashioned editors, that it is still necessary to include among their regular staff men who know very little about the fundamentals of music, who cannot distinguish the merits of one work from another, and who rarely lose the chance of mistaking talent for genius and vice versa. None of this complaint, let me make clear, is directed against those few exceptional men to be found in England, both at that time and today, who were and are a credit to their calling. But undoubtedly it was upon the young and progressive composers of the day, together with those executive musicians capable of recognizing beauty and novelty of sound when they heard it, that the profoundest impression was made.

Like every other musician under thirty years of age who was present at the performance of "Appalachia" in November, I was startled and electrified. Here at last was modern music of native growth in which it was possible with uninhibited sincerity to take pride and delight. I formed the unshakable resolution to play as much of it as I could lay my hands on whenever I had the opportunity, and at once included, in my coming program for the new year, "Paris" and "Appalachia." To make myself better acquainted with the composer's wishes concerning the former work, whose style, form, and color were wholly strange to me, I accepted his invitation to spend a few days at Grez toward the close of the year. But as there was a good number of friends in and out of the house during this period, I had small chance of learning much from him about his work, or of enjoying any personal intercourse with him. I was obliged therefore to do as well as I could on my own account, and gave "Paris" its first English hearing three weeks later at Queen's Hall with the New Symphony Orchestra, which had established itself with some assistance from me in the autumn of 1906. "Paris," without repeating fully the sensation of the previous November, did nothing to diminish the prestige of its composer. From the start it took its place among the "popular" works of Delius and has continued to maintain that position.

"Brigg Fair" was produced at Basle in January by Hermann Suter,* and February saw its initial English performances at Birmingham under Landon Ronald and at Liverpool under Granville Bantock. In April the provincial début of "Appalachia" took place at Hanley under the auspices of the North Staffordshire Choral Society, the composer conducting; but I regret to say that the execution of this splendid work, apart from the small share of the choir in it, was far from satisfactory. The orchestral playing, whether due to the manifest incapacity of the conductor to communicate his intentions to it, or a want of sympathy with the music it was encountering for the first time, was painfully perfunctory and uninspired. The second London performance of the piece was given under my direction a few weeks later at Queen's Hall, this time with the assistance of the Birmingham City Choral Society. But every other Delius event of the spring and summer was eclipsed by the Munich production of the second part of "A Mass of Life" in June, the crowning point of the composer's German career, and the undisputed highlight of the festival. Perhaps the most interesting comment on the event was that of a noted writer in a French paper, *Lugdunum*, the following month, where he compares Delius with Debussy.

Delius in his last years, after losing his sight.

IT was shortly after this that I accompanied Frederick on a month's walking tour in Norway, and he took me over very much the same ground covered by him on an earlier trip with Grieg and Sinding. The flight of fifty years has changed much in the scene and life of the country. In those days railways were few (the line between Christiania and Bergen had not then been constructed), and the only means of getting about were walking and driving in little vehicles, with occasional recourse to a diminutive steamboat on one of the fiords. This more conventional method of transport was useful when confronted with the impediment of a long and winding stretch of water, which would take the best part of a day to reach and round, while a few miles away on the other side was our next destination. On

*Switzerland's most distinguished composer. For many years he lived in Basle, where he was active as a conductor. His masterpiece, "Le Laudi di San Francesco d'Assisi," an impressive work written for solo voices, chorus, organ, and orchestra, was written to celebrate the centenary of the Basler Gesangverein.

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one of these excursions I was accosted by a middle-aged Englishman who viewed with much curiosity the appearance of my companion. "Look at that face," he said. "Strength and purpose are written on it. I appreciate that because I myself am flabby. Nearly everyone I meet nowadays in Europe looks flabby. This fellow is either distinguished or has a remarkable future." My interrogator turned out to be an ex-civil servant who had spent twenty-five years in the Near East, and was highly pleased with his acumen on learning that the object of his interest was someone of international reputation and a musician of possibly greater individuality than any other living.

AT one of the stopping places on our route, a tiny town with a long pier, we were greeted by the band of the local Salvation Army, comprising a flute, a violin, a trumpet, and a harmonium. A young lady completed the ceremony with a couple of hymns, to the astonishment of Frederick, who exclaimed, "The last time I heard those tunes was when the Negroes sang them to me in Florida over twenty years ago," and rather wistfully, "with very different harmonies." But anything other than unadorned simplicity could not be expected in such a remote part of the land, where in the average home the music library consisted of a hymn-book, a volume of Grieg's songs, and (sometimes) another containing a few of his simpler pianoforte pieces.

Frederick was a first-rate and tireless walker, and luckily I was in good physical condition in those days owing to my many long rambles in the countryside on the outskirts of London, where I had been living for the past three years. As a relaxation from our arduous exertions, whether staggering up mountains or slithering over glaciers, he would pick out some little village with a running stream so that he could do a little fishing as well as bathing. At one of these we found a countryman of ours, also an enthusiastic angler. But although he had furnished himself with piscatorial equipment which for beauty and elegance would have excited the envy of old Izaak Walton, he had not succeeded during the course of three days in obtaining a single bite. His mortification was doubled by an exhibition of professional virtuosity on the part of our guide, who had conducted us safely down the winding descent from a hazardous mountain range. This worthy, stimulated by the ill success or incompetence of the foreign visitor, ransacked the outbuildings of the inn, and brought forth what looked like a long pole with a piece of string at its end. This he threw with a casual air of indifference well into the middle of the river, and within fifteen minutes had brought off two triumphal captures.

It was toward the close of our tour that I gained an unexpectedly close insight into some of the social customs and practices prevailing in the more out-of-the-way districts of this delightful country. We had been driving nearly all day on a narrow road that ran through a wide and fertile valley, and suddenly arrived at a closed gate, evidently the entrance to a largish-looking farm. On the other side of the gate were two young men engaged in earnest conversation, and, not wishing to interrupt, we waited until it terminated. I, of course, had no idea what their talk was about, but I could not fail to notice that Frederick showed increasing signs of amusement as it went on. When the gate was opened and we were permitted to continue on our way, for the road ran through the farmlands, I asked what it was that had provided him with such an unanticipated piece of entertainment. The pretty little story he told me I have judiciously condensed out of a desire to avoid lacerating the tender susceptibilities of my Anglo-Saxon readers, and paraphrased in the form of a short dialogue.

Quoth Farmer One: "I want you to do me a favor; lend me a couple of your men for a few days as I am very behindhand getting in my hay. Do this for me and I'll let you spend the night with my sister." Quoth Farmer Two: "Very sorry, old fellow, but I can't oblige you. I am just as much in a mess over my hay as you. As for your sister, I think you ought to know by this time that I can spend the night with her whenever I like."

Our daily companionship was invaluable to me in gaining an insight into the workings of a highly unusual type of mind. To it the universe, presenting no problems or mysteries, was a vast and beautiful thing, whose secrets were all to be found in Nature and its boundless manifestations of life. Delius was no Christian; neither was he Mohammedan, Buddhist, or follower of any creed that concerned itself with some form of existence other than that lived on this planet. But his kinship with what the mystical Blake somewhat contemptuously called "the vegetable universe" was limitless and profound. He revealed a close acquaintance with the literature of at least four European nations, France, Russia, Germany, and Norway, and could talk about them with an appreciation and clarity of thought that demonstrated beyond doubt how completely he had absorbed all that he had ever read. Of English letters his knowledge, although less comprehensive, was at least equal to that of most educated persons in this country. The sixteenth and eighteenth centuries appealed to him more than

(*Continued on page* 49)

—*Keystone*

The funeral services at Limpsfield, 1935; Beecham is the speaker.

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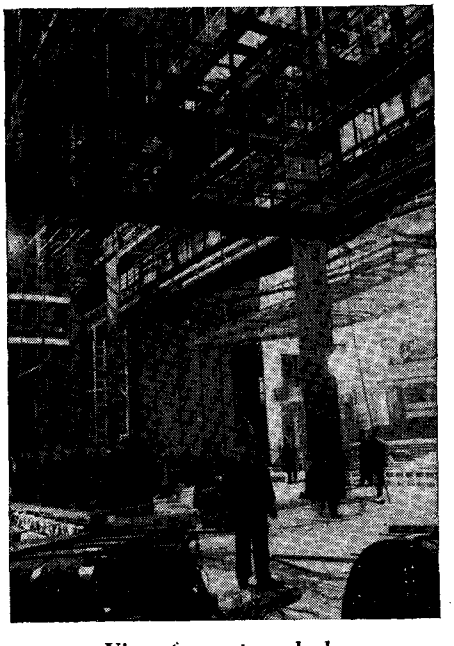
Salzburg's New Festspielhaus

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ONE DARK morning late in 1956 the citizens of Salzburg heard a dynamite blast from the Mönchsberg where the Festspielhaus and the Felsenreitschule (Rocky Riding School) stand. Several thousand blasts, four years, and more than $10 million later the new Festspielhaus is finished, an astonishing monument to the Austrians' artistic genius and financial recklessness. Long before the project was finished it became a cause célèbre in Austrian politics, which is dominated by the uneasy coalition of the conservative People's Party and the Socialists. The Socialist papers have attacked Finance Minister Dr. Kamitz for sponsoring such a costly undertaking when, they say, a more urgent need exists for new hospitals and schools. Professor Clemens Holzmeister, the architect of the New Festival Theatre, and Herbert von Karajan, the artistic *Leiter* of the Salzburg Festival, were accused of having lost all sense of proportion.

A new conflict arose in past weeks when Karajan refused to allow the opening performance of "Rosenkavalier" on July 26 to be televised. Karajan says that the past performances of the Austrian state television network—rather lamentable TV shows of "Angelina" and "Salome"—have not convinced him of the Austrian television's artistic ability to handle the opening. (A color film of "Rosenkavalier" will be made by an English firm.) The Socialists counter that the money was raised by the Austrian taxpayer, who should at least be able to see the opening on TV when he can't afford to be there. The top price for the opening performance is $40. The Festival management received over 9,000 requests for the 2,160 available tickets. Other Austrians claim that their small country, which spends as much money on its state theatres as on the budget of its Foreign Ministry, can't really afford the luxury of a new Festspielhaus that will be used only a few weeks every year. After all, they say, Salzburg already has a Festspielhaus and the Felsenreitschule. The new house will have only 400 more seats than the old one. "A project worthy of a Karajan but not of a small country whose former position as a great cultural power did not depend on the size of its theatres," wrote the Socialist weekly *Heute*. "Of course Karajan is a genius; otherwise one wouldn't be so desperate about the mistakes which he makes, often unnecessarily," writes the independent *Weekend-Kurier*.



View from stage looking into the auditorium.

Clemens Holzmeister's grandiose conception incorporates the latest innovations in architecture, theatrical construction, stage machinery, and acoustics. The stage machinery alone cost $3 million. In the race for the most modern theatre on earth Salzburg now leads, at least until the new Met is finished. Even afterward, Salzburg will have the biggest stage in the world.

For sentimental reasons—tradition has always been an important architectural element in Austria—the general appearance of the historic site had to be preserved. Fischer von Erlach's gateway in the Sigmundsplatz was to remain unchanged, yet the former Court Riding Stable (which later was used as the Museum of Natural History) had to be converted into a festival theatre. The old house, called Kleines Festspielhaus, now forms a continuous façade with the new one. Restoration work was carried out on the foundations and exterior walls. The large building now stretches from Toscanini Hof to Sigmundsplatz, a building which is 230 yards long and forms a compact "Festival Area." The Rocky Riding School remains intact. The old house will be slightly rebuilt to make room for boxes and anterooms and to give the house a more intimate atmosphere. Festival performances will take place in the new and in the old house, in the Rocky Riding School, the Landestheater, and the Residenz. Although an additional floor had to be superimposed on top of the new house to accommodate facilities for air conditioning, lighting, cinema, radio, and television, of which Fischer von Erlach never dreamed, the appearance of the large building reminds one of an old etching at the time of Erlach.

Five new entrances lead into the vast entrance hall. From the street the auditorium is not visible, being set back from the façade. Its roof is slung from steel girders nine feet high, and the whole structure is covered by six sections of ridged roofs that give the impression of shallow ditches.

To create space for the immense stage—135 feet wide, 120 feet high, and 70 feet deep—part of the 160-foot-high Mönchsberg had to be blasted out to a depth of fifty feet. Holzmeister succeeded admirably in closely integrating the block that contains the stage with the shape and the surface of the Mönchsberg. The scars of the blasts are not visible; the harmony of the landscape was preserved. That was one thing that worried the Salzburgers, who take a dim view of the new house though many will profit from it. Now they worry about traffic and parking problems in the narrow, congested old town. I advise visitors who want to get to a performance in time to walk there.

THE workshops are located in a new building that stands farther back between the old and the new house. The beautifully equipped artists' dressing rooms (there are almost 100 showers in the new house) are spread over four floors. In this wing are the rehearsal rooms and administration offices. On the other side, facing Sigmundsplatz, are the offices of Karajan, and the rooms for conductors and producers.

The first impression upon entering the main hall is one of grandeur and at the same time of a definite Salzburg flair, created by the combined uses of stone and wood. The floor of the entrance hall consists of red Salzburg marble; there are marble benches and fountains, and large, square monumental pillars of local limestone. The two main staircases lead to the main foyer and the auditorium. The walls are beautifully paneled and covered with inlaid wood. A large tapestry by Oskar Kokoschka dominates the foyer. You can see the main foyer from the entrance hall through pink-colored glass doors and you can look through all

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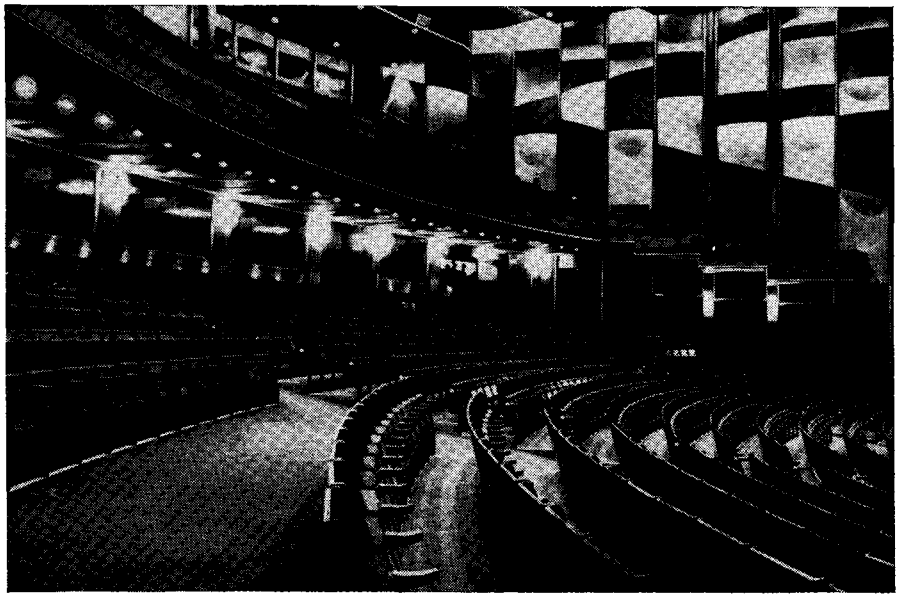
the way toward the "Pferdeschwemme" (the "horse pond fountain") in Sigmundsplatz. At night the effect is enchanting. The floors of dark-green Gastein marble have mosaics of colored stones showing horses' heads, to remind you that this was once a stable.

On top of the street-level foyer there is an upstairs foyer for non-smokers. (Ever since the Ringtheater fire Austrian theatre builders have suffered from a strong phobia against smoking.) It has a fine timbered ceiling and a lovely view of the Sigmundsplatz. This Festspielhaus offers a lot to those who feel they have to come here though they really don't care about music. Special entrances lead to three VIP boxes on either side of the auditorium, with anterooms decorated with murals. The right side shows old local motives, but the left surprises you with some frightful views from the bottom of the sea. The topmost foyer, which leads to the balcony, looks like a skiing lodge with its beams of unpainted wood. Professor Holzmeister ("Woodmaster") comes from the Tyrol.

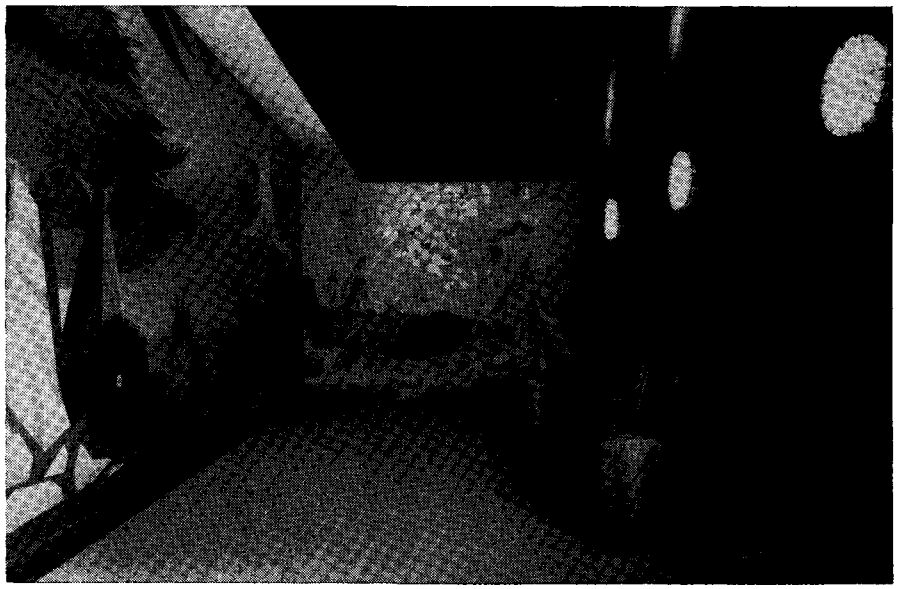
The auditorium is magnificent. In spite of its size it conveys an intimate mood and at the same time a festive spirit. Cone-shaped, it is 110 feet wide and 90 feet deep. The stalls slope almost as steeply as in Bayreuth, providing excellent visibility (except the middle seat in the first row behind the conductor's back), and hidden traps for ladies with high heels. The colors of the carpets and seats blend beautifully with the light-colored wood of the walls. The ceilings are indirectly lighted and give the impression of an enormous cathedral. The "iron" (or asbestos) curtain is made of safety steel plates, weighs thirty-eight tons, and retains its armor-like appearance. In the rear of the vast auditorium, beneath the balcony, are nine boxes. The best seats are probably those in the balcony. There are 2,160 seats, 1,300 stalls, 100 in the boxes, and 760 in the balcony. For symphony concerts the orchestra pit will be raised, providing additional seats.

The first ten rows of the stalls project into the forestage. Its center and side sections are flexible; the center is formed by the orchestra pit, which has space for 120 musicians and can be raised and lowered. On both sides of the forestage are movable lamellar walls moving inward noiselessly about fifteen feet, so that the size of the proscenium arch can be varied even during the performance. These flexible adjustments don't affect the view from any seat, and they offer wonderful possibilities to imaginative producers. One can expect great things from this stage during the second

(*Continued on page* 51)



A vista of the theatre's 2,158 seats. Note floor's steep pitch, wide space between rows.



Anteroom to the boxes on the left side, with mural by Wolfgang Hutter.

The new facade of the Salzburg festival "complex": at the left, festival offices; in the middle, the old festival theatre; at the extreme right, the new construction.

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Recordings in Review

Richter, *Dichter*

SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor.* S. *Richter, piano, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra of Warsaw, W. Rowicki conducting. Konzertstück (Op. 92). The same, with S. Wislocki conducting. Also "Novellette," Op. 21, No. 1, and Toccata.* Deutsche Grammophon 138077, $6.98. MOZART: *Concerto No. 20. Richter, Wislocki;* PROKOFIEV: *Concerto No. 5. Richter, Rowicki.* DG 138075, $6.98.

Of all the top-echelon musicians in the USSR, Sviatoslav Richter is the last to be represented by a thoroughly representative reproduction of his art. All the others—Gilels, Oistrakh, Kogan, Rostropovich, Shafran — have been heard at their best from recordings in the studios of Western Europe, and almost all of them have also recorded here during their American tours. The late report that Richter will soon enjoy the same privilege is welcome news indeed, especially in the aftermath of the TV film which showed him not only present at the funeral of Boris Pasternak but also rendering the "outcast" the last tribute within a musician's power—performance of Chopin's "Marche funèbre."

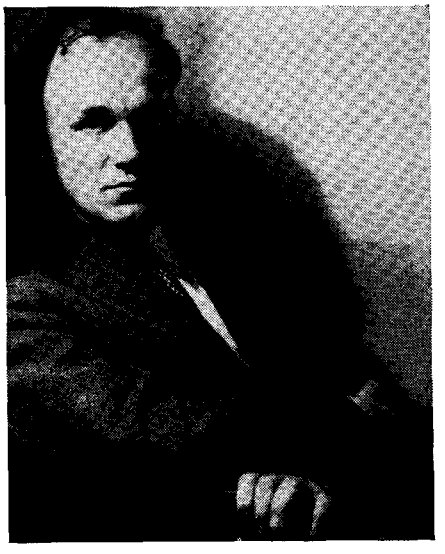
No others, of course, have heard Richter in such emotion-charged circumstances, but everyone can hear him "clear," so to speak, in these fine reproductions from Warsaw. The quality of his art speaks for itself, but the real distinctions of mind and heart that have been under a pall of inferior sound in previous undertakings can be heard on all four sides in a sunburst of mellow resonance and shining sonority. Doubtless there will be differences of opinion concerning to which composer or works he brings the most in concentrated excellence; my simple feeling is that any performer who can surround the notes of Schumann's "Toccata" at the pace and with the clarity Richter does, and still make an expressive experience of it, deserves the accolade of "poet" implied in the rhyming words: Richter, *Dichter.*

For those to whom all this may be news, it may be added that Richter stands apart from most of the Soviet performers known to us in the personality and warmth of his art, the flexibility and impulse of his performances. Whereas one thinks of Gilels's performances as muscular, of Oistrakh's as massive, and of Kogan's as mercurial, Richter's are essentially humane and meaningful. I do not endorse every detail of his Schumann concerto (some of it is awkwardly slow to my perhaps perverted taste) and the Mozart is more angular and square-cut than some of our most subtle performers make it, but these are distinctions prevalent among any of the musicians in the high category to which he is eminently admissible. As for Prokofiev, this creation of 1932 is as close to him as his own skin, and it fits him as snugly.

The National Philharmonic of Warsaw, which is associated with him in the concerti, fulfills all requirements in a thoroughly professional manner, and with excellent sound. Conductor for the Schumann and Prokofiev concerti is Witold Rowicki (who will be on the podium when the orchestra makes its American debut next fall), for the Mozart and the Schumann "Konzertstück," Stanislaw Wislocki; both match going standards in Western Europe. The recording (especially in stereo) is top quality.

Vivaldi in Volume

VIVALDI: *Concertos in F (P.273), A major (P.231), G minor ("La Notte," P.342), and E flat (P.433). New York Sinfonietta conducted by Max Goberman.* Library of Recorded Masterpieces, Vol. I, No. 1. *Concertos in G minor (P.383), F major (P.301), F major (P.321), C major (P.54). The same.* Vol. I, No. 2. *Concertos in C (P.84), E major (P. Sinfonia 19), D minor (P.288),* and *A minor (P.83). The same.* Vol. I, No. 3. $8.50 each by subscription or $10 individually. 150 W. 82nd St., New York 24, N.Y.



Richter—"essentially humane and meaningful."

It is something more than six months since the first issue in this series was received and auditioned. Knowing something of the pitfalls into which other ambitious efforts undertaking to cover the "total output" of this composer or that have stumbled, it seemed wise to reserve comment until some kind of a pattern emerged.

With three issues now in hand, a pattern does show itself, probably will prevail in the future: a good variety of material within the scope of each disc (the works on No. 1, for example, are for strings with woodwinds, strings alone, strings with flute and bassoon soloists, strings with bassoon); a thoroughgoing musicianship in the playing though less than the kind of artistic excellence to be heard from "I Musici," "Solisti di Zagreb," or "Virtuosi di Roma" when engaged with similar repertory; and a painstaking attention to detail in the recording (though I am not partial to such nonresonant, close-up microphoning). In compensation for the unconventionally high price, the purchaser receives bound-in copies of the scores and excellent notes by Dr. Joseph Braunstein.

For those who wonder, as I do, what kind of quality will be unearthed from the hundreds of scores by Vivaldi which remain obscure, the answer is—variable. I didn't hear among any of the twelve works on these three discs even one to equal the qualities of originality and expressivity known to us from the celebrated works already in circulation, but several came close. The trouble is, of course, that the "best known" works *were* selected by someone, out of a mass. But if the top has been skimmed, a good deal of cream remains nevertheless, especially when Vivaldi was working with the viola d'amore as solo (adroitly managed on No. 3 by Walter Trampler) or the small flute (flitfully flouted on the piccolo by Samuel Baron on the same disc), or two horns (Joseph Singer and Arthur Berv on No. 1).

A Chicago "Nevsky"

PROKOFIEV: *"Alexander Nevsky." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and chorus, with Rosalind Elias, mezzo soprano.* RCA Victor LSC 2395, $5.98.

In the years since the cantata extracted by Prokofiev from his score for the Eisenstein film of 1938 was last

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being heard hereabouts, some of the detail in that work has faded in the memory, but not the recollection of its total quality. Not alone in the splendor of its sound but also in the power and scope of its presentation by Reiner, this undertaking (the first in stereo) verifies quality and clarifies detail in a way both interesting and unexpected.

As is well known, "Alexander Nevsky" was a historical figure of the Russian past whose glorification in this film of the late Thirties was no unpointed reminder that the country had dealt with invaders in the past and could do it again. Necessarily, the score had to partake of this nationalistic sentiment from start to finish; and it is to Prokofiev's enduring credit that what he wrote still has the ring of eloquence and conviction. It sings forth with particular power by contrast with the mechanical, jingoistic jangle of much since written on the same theme by the new generation of Soviet-succored musicians.

Perhaps the least expected (as well as the least recollected) stretch of "Alexander Nevsky" is the chorus on side II to the words "Peregrinus expectavi, pedes meos, in cymbalis est," in which the since-familiar idiom of Carl Orff leaps to the ear—churning orchestra, rhythmic ostinato, chanting chorus and, as the quotation above suggests, even a text in Latin: the works. The first conclusion would be that here is the germ thought which resulted in "Carmina Burana" and the other works of the "Trionfi"; a seed nurtured to a complete growth by Orff. Unhappily for this conjecture, the dates do not support the theory, for "Carmina Burana" was performed at Frankfurt in 1937, *before* Prokofiev's music came into existence. Thus, if Prokofiev did not respond to the example of Orff, they both would seem to derive from a common antecedent, perhaps Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex."

In addition to sustaining the mood and power of the work from first to last, Reiner is substantially successful in making the new chorus sing the English translation understandably. Rosalind Elias's delivery of the solo part is outstanding in this respect as well as for the warmth and flow of her vocal sound.

Eloquent Hotter

SCHUBERT: *"An die Musik," "Im Abendrot," "Ständchen," "Abschied," "Im Frühling," "Der Lindenbaum," "Sei mir gegrüsst," "Wandrers Nachtlied," "Geheimes."* SCHUMANN: *"Mondnacht," "Wer machte dich so krank?" "Alte Laute," "Erstes Grün," "Die beiden Grenadiere."* STRAUSS: *"Ach, weh mir unglückhaftem Mann," "Ich trage meine Minne." Hans Hotter baritone, Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel 35583, $4.98.

As one who would feel his time well spent just in listening to Gerald Moore's performance of the piano parts of "An die Musik," "Ständchen," "Abschied," "Lindenbaum," etc., I approached this disc with minimum objectives and limited expectations. The immediate word is that it is on its second complete go-'round as I type these words, adequate evidence that it is not only superior Hotter but utterly enjoyable Schubert, Schumann, and Strauss.

This comes about, I think, by a shrewd matching of Hotter's knowledge and artistry with the kind of technical means to put his real (and frayed) vocal production under minimum strain. Save for a song or two ("Sei mir gegrüsst" and "Ach, weh mir," etc., in particular), Hotter avoids full voice completely, relying instead on a kind of half-crooned mezza voce. As virtually all the songs are in slow tempi (or slowed tempi when they are least bit animated), he has ample time to move his big sound from one tone to another without undue slurring or portamento. Thanks to Moore's discretion (he is in splendidly collaborative mood throughout), Hotter is even able to manage "Abschied"—where most of the animation is in the piano rather than the voice part anyway.

Save for the two full-voice items mentioned above (and the turns in a rather ponderous version of "Ständchen"), Hotter is mostly faithful to the pitch throughout, the words are almost always audible, the unity of sounds (verbal-musical) an all-pervasive thing. Some may say that the kind of sound Hotter is working with is not *really* singing: but if there has been a better "beiden Grenadiere" since Herbert Jansen's of the Thirties, I'd like to be advised of its perpetrator. The recording could hardly be better—excellent presence, but still a resonant frame.

Dominguez—"neat way with florid writing."

Solos by Dominguez

DONIZETTI: *"O mio Fernando";* ROSSINI: *"Non più mesta," "Una voce poco fà," "Pensa alla patria";* VERDI: *"O don fatale," "Condotta ell'era in ceppi";* CILÉA: *"Adriana Lecouvreur" ("Acerba volutta");* BIZET: *"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle," "Près des remparts de Séville," and "En vain pour éviter." Oralia Dominguez, mezzo-soprano, with orchestras directed by Richard Kraus and Janos Kulka.* Deutsche Grammophon 136025, $6.98.

Given a singer associated previously with two "Requiems" (Verdi's and the "Petite Messe Solennelle" of Rossini), it is scarely surprising that a listener's image of Oralia Dominguez might tend to the funereal. This is hardly offset by the image presented on her first Deutsche Grammophon record, which shows a somber, if pretty, young miss in black dress with a scarf-covered head.

The more pleasure, then, to discover that she is not all that way vocally or temperamentally, that along with the kind of dark sound appropriate for the earlier music in which she has been heard she commands a neat way with florid writing, and the lively spirit to make a plausible thing of her aspirations toward Rossini. Indeed, what emerges rather clearly from this collection is that her present accomplishments suit her rather better for the light moods than they do for "O mio Fernando" or "O don fatale." In the three Rossini excerpts and the "Habanera" Miss Dominguez sketches a picture of a vocal personality that might well have a strong appeal on the opera stage.

However, if she cherishes continued good repute, it would be well for her to reconsider the way in which she attacks tones above an A (the top, it would seem, of her comfortable range), or treats the dramatic emphasis in "Condotta ell'era in ceppi." Both tend to the explosive—the sound hard, the emphasis overdriven, and, in a word, vulgar. There is quality in the low voice when it is not overplayed, but it would be unfortunate if what are now blemishes should settle into mannerisms. The "Carmen" excerpts are played by the Bavarian Staatsoper Orchestra directed by Kulka, with Kraus in charge of the Radio Berlin ensemble.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bennett: Commemoration Symphony — "Stephen Foster," "Symphonic Story of Jerome Kern." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Everest Stereo SDBR 3063, $4.98.	No one has to vouch for the quality of melodic material utilized by Bennett in these two collations, but the musical rhetoric in which they are encased is anything but attractive. The confusion of manner and matter is especially indigestible in the "Commemoration Symphony," which depresses the simple, unaffected tunes of Foster under a burden of clichés, modulations, rhythmic formulae, etc., which may be "symphonic" (in the bygone "symphonic jazz" sense) but have nothing to do with a symphony. The Kern treatment is a little more creative and less obvious, but not nearly at the musical level of the tunes themselves. Steinberg does his work, such as it is, well.
Casella: "La Giara"; Respighi: "Pini di Roma." Fernando Previtali conducting the orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia. London CS 6111, $5.98.	One result of Previtali's choice of these two works for a coupling is the discovery that both date from the same year, 1924; but Casella's is the more "dated" because it is a rather synthetic imitation of the "smart" thing of the time (such as Falla's "Tricorne" and "Amor Brujo") whereas Respighi's work, for better or worse, is a convinced expression of his own attitudes and musical impulses. Previtali's treatment of both is equally discerning, and there are some charming effects in the Casella.
Haydn: Symphony No. 104 in D ("London"). Mozart: Symphony No. 34 in C. Rudolf Kempe conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capital SG 7150, $5.98.	Kempe's good taste and musical discrimination, his "soft" hand on the orchestra are all admirably embodied in these two performances. These are shapely, orderly, animated, and well spoken. What is less evident is a strong impulse of his own in the projection of the spiritual as well as the musical values at hand. Both works tend to be matter-of-fact in this regard, a lesser penalty in the Haydn, where the composer's character is hardly escapable, than in the Mozart, where it is more reserved.
Hopkinson: "Toast to Washington"; Gram: "Death Song of an Indian Chief"; Wm. H. Fry: "Macbeth" Overture; Gottschalk: Andante; Paine: "As You Like It" Overture; MacDowell: "Lamia"; Chadwick: "Hobgoblins"; Parker: "Mona" Interlude; Griffes: "Vale of Dreams"; Hadley: Scherzo Diabolique. Richard Korn conducting, with Karl Brock, tenor, and James Pease, baritone. Concord 3007, $4.98.	Some of the contents of this initial release in a promising survey may be ascribed to the Louisa May Alcott period of American musical composition, others to the William Dean Howells phase. I find the most interest in the Fry-Paine-Gottschalk epoch, whose music was fragrant if not terribly forward-looking. With all the others, there is almost invariably some other piece of music—by Brahms, Grieg, Strauss, Debussy, or Dukas—which says the same thing better. Korn's performances are able and energetic, the orchestra thoroughly professional, the reproduction satisfactory.
Janacek: "Lach" dances, "Sinfonietta." Brestislav Bakala conducting. Artia ALP 122, $4.98.	The dances (six in number, and varied in temper and tempi) are among the most attractive works of Janacek to be recorded. An early expression (of 1889, before his talent had "matured," in the view of the annotator), they achieve a balance of expression and means not always at his command. In the later Sinfonietta (1926), for example, the expressive intent tends to outrun Janacek's effort to contain it within manageable limits. Both works are performed with vast enthusiasm and useful energy by the orchestras utilized (Czech Philharmonic and Brno Radio Symphony).
Mahler: Symphony No. 9. Leopold Ludwig conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3050, $9.96 (two records).	In the four sides of these two LPs are the essence of the "popular" work—something for every taste, whether heroic, withdrawn, ironic, or elegiac. The problem, however, is what to do when one mood becomes inordinately drawn out, to the detriment of contrast and continuity. Ludwig's solution is to fuse the attention through a richly sonorous glow of sound, which becomes the overriding musical fact of the whole, whatever the sense of the momentary discourse. It cannot expunge what seem to me to be the longeurs of Mahler's formal functioning, but it makes much of the yearning-to-eloquence which dominates so much of the composer's writing. Excellent stereo.
Moore, D.: Symphony in A. Perry: "Stabat Mater." The Japan Philharmonic conducted by William Strickland, with Makiko Asakura, soprano. Composers Recordings CRI 133, $5.95.	Moore's score of 1945 is an effort to write the "sincere symphony simple"; that is, a work which does not strive for a breadth of utterance beyond the composer's ready access, or challenge the auditor's comprehension. It is compact, all right, and comprehensible; but the symphonic procedure does not strike me as nearly so congenial a medium for Moore as works with text and dramatic situations. Thus what emerges, though entertaining and genial, has limited scope and domination of the listening attention. The Perry work takes an eclectic's view of the musical problem, evolving a pretty sound from precepts of Stravinsky, Boulanger, etc., but hardly striking an attitude recognizably Perryesque. The Japanese soprano's Latin enunciation is excellent, the recording in both instances well below the contemporary standard.
Piston: "Incredible Flutist"; Moore: "Pageant of P. T. Barnum." Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra. Mercury SR 90206, $5.98.	Both of these works have matured in the wood, so to speak, and each has proven its power to entertain: the Moore since 1926, the Piston since 1938. But each tends to lose effect when the composer ventures to be impressive as well as amusing. An absorbing sidelight of Hanson's appropriate treatment is the illuminating discovery that Moore discovered Copland's "American" vocabulary a decade or so before the latter did. However, he tends to make straightforward, by-gosh statements out of it rather than "constructing" it into a large frame of reference as does Copland.
Prokofiev: "Peter and the Wolf." Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Michael Flanders, narrator; Saint-Saëns: "Carnival of the Animals." Kurtz with Hephzibah Menuhin and Abbey Simon, pianists. Capitol SG 7221, $5.98.	There are hardly two more complementary works in the literature than these, whether regarded as adult music for children, or children's music for adults. Kurtz is well abreast of all the problems they pose, utilizing his excellent orchestra to the advantage of the composers. Of his associates, there is little but good to be said. Flanders employs his mimetic gifts happily to personalize Peter, the Grandpa, etc., without making a quasi-"Hamlet" of the results. In common with some other English-based narrators, he chooses to pronounce "lasso" as "lassu" which may be defensible but is hardly colloquial. Miss Menuhin and Simon are smooth, fluent collaborators, the recording brightly clean.
Roussel: "Bacchus et Ariane" (Suite No. 2); Debussy: "La Mer," "Danses Sacrée et Profane." Igor Markevitch conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon DGS 712040, $5.98.	This is literature of the period to which Markevitch has the most useful orientation, the best stylistic understanding, and the greatest temperamental affinity. Actually the period is more closely Roussel's of the 1920s- 30s, with its assimilation of Stravinsky, than the Debussy of twenty years before in which that element is absent. He throws himself into Roussel's well-calculated furies with equally well-calculated furies of his own, with results that are both exciting and justified. The Debussy, especially "La Mer," is not without quality, though the sound *per se* is less refined or finely textured than has been heard from some others. Excellent stereo.
Stravinsky: "L'Oiseau de Feu." Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90226, $5.98.	In choosing to perform the complete ballet rather than the customary set of excerpts in suite form, Dorati has rendered a valuable service to those who might wish to hear it "whole" as it was conceived (though not as it was first performed, for it could hardly have been done then with so settled a judgment of relative values, or equal justice to instrumental detail). What emerges is a fascinating combination of Stravinsky as he was (evolving out of the influences of his predecessors) and as he was about to become. Dorati has worked well with the orchestra to make a predominantly lyrical, expressive experience of the score; the engineering work complements it well.—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Delius

Continued from page 43

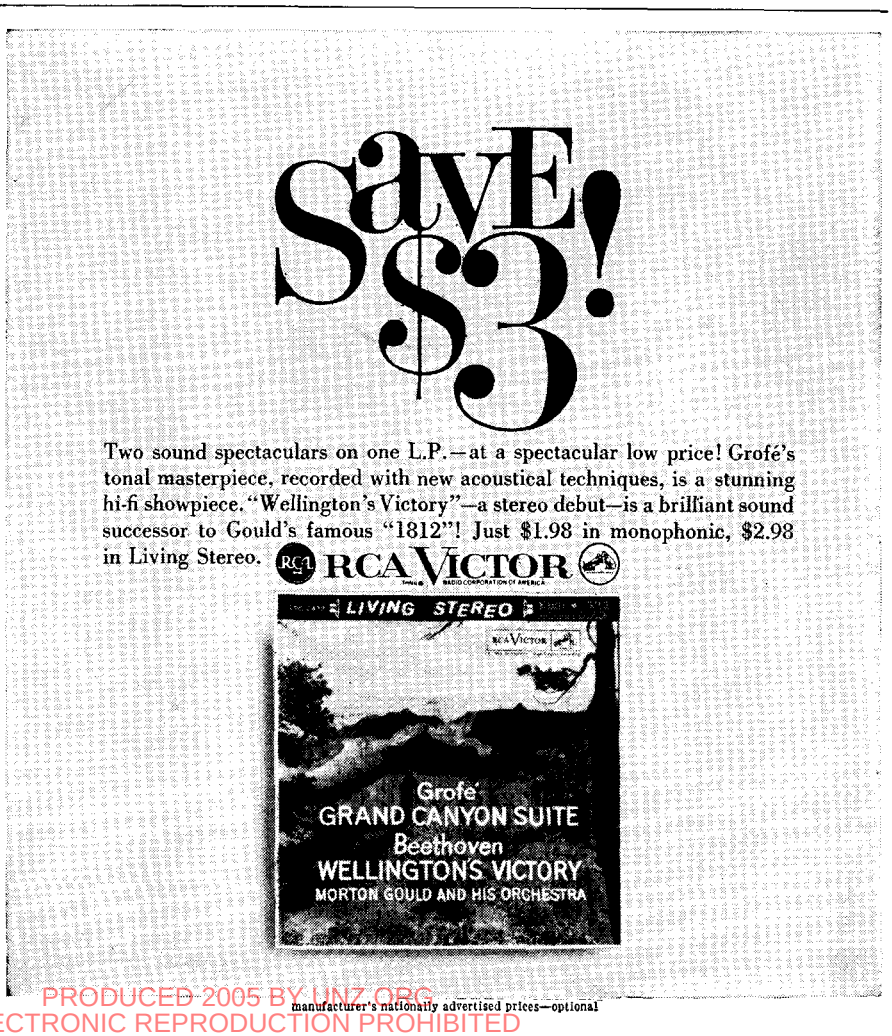
the seventeenth or nineteenth, and his favorite novelist was Fielding. He had scarcely less admiration for Sterne and Smollett, always contending that he found in these three authors more virility and freedom from affectation than in their successors.

I have heard it stated that he was not only an unlettered man, but took small interest in anything but his own music and impressionistic painting. This report emanates mainly from those who knew him only in his later days, when he was blind and paralysed. But the Delius of 1908 and during the few following years was a man of more than average learning, took the keenest interest in the thoughts and actions of every different class of human being, and betrayed nothing of the exclusive aristocrat and scorner of the humble, such as we have been led to believe. That the appetite for deriving pleasure and information from books diminished perceptibly during his final decade cannot be denied; but he was not singular in this respect. At least one famous scientist of the nineteenth century and an almost equally celebrated statesman found it impossible to enjoy poetry after a certain age in their respective lives. My personal association with him was mainly in the days of his zenith as a man and musician, and I have never known a keener and brighter spirit than Frederick at that time. One writer has affirmed that he was no intellectual, whatever that may mean. But the ability to hold clear-cut views about all mankind and its ways, and to utter them convincingly, was as great in him as in any of the acknowledged sages I have known over a period exceeding forty years.

Naturally I did not crystallize inalterably these opinions during the short period of our tour, for the conditions of

a companionship *à deux* offered small opportunity for the display of his more flamboyant gifts. Among these was a highly uncommon talent for controversy, to be seen and heard at its best when prompted by the presence of a small company of acquaintances gathered under his own roof. But about the beginning of the following September I was in Paris on one of my periodic hunts for first-edition scores of old French operas, and finding the weather overwarm for that time of year I moved out to Fontainebleau, to become later a favorite haunt of mine. Hearing of my arrival there, the Deliuses invited me to an early-evening meal at which half a dozen other guests from Paris and the near neighborhood were present. It was held in their beautiful garden and after a while there started one of those lively discussions I had heard so much about. My expectation of a characteristic performance from Frederick was not disappointed, and he revealed a technique of argument all his own. Allowing others to start and partly develop a line of talk, he would listen carefully for a while, contributing no more to it than an occasional interjection that did not seem to have much connection with what the rest were saying. Indeed, I was reminded of one of those old-fashioned operas of the eighteenth century in which the overture is built on themes which are never heard again in the work itself. But as the controversial temperature warmed up, it began to be evident that through a maze of seeming irrelevancies he was feeling his way to a definite point. When he did arrive there it became instantly clear that here was the crux of the whole matter, and this capacity to hit the nail unerringly on the very center of its head could be ascribed only to an instinctive logical sense that often confounded the orthodox methods of some of those who passed for skilled and successful debaters. There were of course limitations to this strange accomplish-

ment. Frederick would not have gone far as an orator or impromptu lecturer, and some years later he confessed to me that he could not make a speech lasting more than a couple of minutes to save his life. His delivery was spasmodic rather than sequential, and although this debarred him from public appearance, it detracted nothing from the brilliance and appositeness of his utterances when addressed to a select audience *in camera*. I have always been thankful for the chance given me of viewing this robust and resourceful intelligence in action, while yet unimpaired by any sign of decline.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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quintet in E flat, Opus 16. Walter Panhoffer, piano, with members of the Vienna Octet. Mozart: Divertimento No. 1 in E flat (K. 113). Members of the Vienna Octet. London CS 6063, $5.98.	Panhoffer is not the equal of some pianists (such as Gieseking and Serkin) who have recorded this work, but the quality of his Viennese associates is exemplary, their cooperation on a high level of partnership throughout. Of particular quality is the horn playing of Josef Veleba, who molds the tone of his difficult instrument into some remarkably plastic phrases. Very good balance of sound all around.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Op. 5, Nos. 1 and 2. Pierre Fournier, cello, with Friedrich Gulda, piano. Deutsche Grammophon DG 138081, $6.98. Sonatas, Op. 69 and Op. 102, No. 1, with Variations on "Bei Männern." The same. DG 138082, $6.98. Sonata, Op. 102, No. 2, Variations on themes from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus" and Mozart's "Zauberflöte" ("Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen"). The same. DG 138083, $6.98.	Satisfying is the word for these collaborations, which bring renewed attention (on a new label) to the substantial talents of Friedrich Gulda. Mention is made first of these, for Fournier's capacities in this literature have been familiar for more than a decade, when he was elected by the late Artur Schnabel to be his associate in the A major Sonata. Things equal to the same thing may not be equal to each (that is to say, Gulda to Schnabel) but the teamwork throughout is unexceptionable. Moreover, there is no disposition for the recording to favor the cello (as in some instances where his is the Name) or the piano (as was the case with Schnabel). Where merited, Gulda has every opportunity, but never to the detriment of Fournier's excellent sound. If anything, Gulda returns in finer, more discriminating pianistic form than when he was last heard.
Falla: Seven Popular Songs; Nin: "Villancicos." Teresa Berganza, mezzo, with Felix Lavilla, piano. Valverde: "Clavelitos," Chapi: "Carceleras" ("Las Hijas del Zebedeo"), etc. Berganza, with orchestra. London OS 25113, $5.98.	The vocal quality and gift for singing which made something special of Miss Berganza's introductory disc (*SR*, Jan. 30) are no less evident in these performances, but the level of performing quality is more erratic. It is plainly too soon for her to deal with the Falla songs, the voice lacking sufficient variety of color and its use too emotionally immature for their subleties. (Her endeavors at a *flamenco* sound are curiously ineffective.) She has more affinity with the excerpt from Chapi's zarzuela, and also sings well Vert's Romanza from "El Ultimo Romantico." Her "Clavelitos" is rather ordinary, something a singer should never expose herself to doing unless she can rise to a level of high artistry as Supervia did. Recording with piano good; with orchestra, like almost any other Spanish recording of voice and orchestra—only fair.
Francaix, J.: "Petit Quattuor"; Pierne, P.: "Trois Conversations," etc. Hollywood Saxophone Quartet. Verve MGVS 6111, $5.98.	Some of the "etc." in the above description (arrangements of Debussy's "La fille aux cheveux de lin," "La plus que lente," and "Beau soir," and the "Andante et Scherzo" of Eugene Bozza) are higher in sugar content than most listeners will relish, but the two items noted at left have a good deal of charm, no little ingenuity, and a dash of musical interest. More to the point, the playing of the four musicians (Russell Cheever, soprano saxophone, Jack du Mont, alto, Morris Crawford, tenor, and William Ulyate, baritone) is in every respect superior to the average.
Haydn: Quartets Nos. 57 (Op. 54, No. 1 in G) and 65 (Op. 64, No. 3 in B flat). Amadeus Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon DG 138071, $6.98.	In the space of months (it may be a year or two) since the Amadeus Quartet was last being heard on HMV (in succession to Westminster), the group seems to have sharpened the edge of its attack, hardened the core of its musicianship, and otherwise taken on some characteristics of oldening, so to speak, which are all to its advantage. For, in the process, it has not roughened the suavity of sound which was its original glory, nor lost the enthusiasm which made it immediately welcome when first heard. As the coupling of Haydn works brings together two for which there is neither nickname nor undue familiarity, the result is all the music lover (specifically the chamber music lover) could ask: wonderful music, wonderfully played and splendidly reproduced.
Ives: "Unanswered Question"; Bartók: Divertimento; Milhaud: Symphony No. 4; Skalkottas: Little Suite. Zimbler Sinfonietta conducted by Lukas Foss, with Roger Voisin, trumpet. Siena S 100-2.	Remastered from a tape previously issued on the Unicorn label, these performances are at the least listenable and, in the case of the atmospheric delivery of the Ives piece, thoroughly absorbing. This is not without relation to the material itself, for this is the only work of real distinction the record contains, the others qualifying for the lesser characterization of "interesting" for one reason or another—in Bartók, the propulsion delivered, in Milhaud, the exposition of craftsmanship, in Skalkottas a determined effort to conquer the twelve-tone idiom. Foss is the master throughout.
Schnabel: Trio. Felix Galimir, violin, Renee Hurtig, viola, and Charles P. McCracken, cello. Duodecimet. Monod Ensemble, Jacques Monod conducting. Columbia ML 5447, $4.98.	The creativity of Schnabel's functioning vis-à-vis the literature of the piano for which he was celebrated is inversely represented in these samples of his compositional talent. Here he seeks to recreate the image of the embracing musical man—performer, composer, pedagogue—through an impressive effort of the will without conveying enough of the spirit to his listener to make a vital impression. Whether in the trio of 1925 or the duodecimet (meaning, simply, a piece for twelve players) of 1950, Schnabel's skill in matching tonal strands and voices in apposition as well as opposition is considerable. However, poetry is no more a part of a musical acrostic than of a verbal one.
Schumann: "Dichterliebe" and other songs. Cesare Valletti, tenor, with Leo Taubman, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2412, $5.98.	Valletti's endeavor to turn himself into something rather alien to his Roman background and Italian training proceeds not only apace but impressively well. In much of the cycle his pliable sound is shaped to the contours of the text in a binding manner, and some of the lyric songs (such as "Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen") are sung as well as they have been by any recorded predecessor—Fischer-Dieskau, Schiotz, Schlusnus, Panzéra, Hüsch, or whoever. However, some of the more dramatic songs (not only "Ich grolle nicht" in which he is hard put to achieve the ambitious A at the climax) are heavy for his voice, and ask for a different kind of production from what he provides. But one can have nothing but admiration for the spirit and confidence Valletti brings to his work, the latter well founded on sure control of vocal detail and clarity of textual statement. A beautiful version of "Der Nussbaum" is joined by "Jasminenstrauch," "Erstes Grün," "Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint," "Kommen und Scheiden," and "Requiem" to complete side II. The sound is both distinct and resonant, Taubman's piano playing helpful.
Schumann: "Fantasiestücke" and "Carnaval." Ania Dorfmann, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2207, $5.98.	At her best, in those pieces of an intimate, confiding nature such as "Des Abends," "Warum?" and "In der Nacht," Miss Dorfmann is a performer of solid appeal and warm satisfaction. But it is hardly necessary for her to attack "Aufschwung" with such vehemence or overstressed piano tone to disprove description of her as a miniaturist; this is not "a good sound" by any standard. The "Carnaval" suffers occasionally from the same overstress, but it is more often attractively within her own well-proportioned means.
Stravinsky: Octet; Prokofiev: Overture, Op. 42; Bartók: Roumanian Folk Dances; Shostakovich: Two Pieces, Op. 11. Ensemble conducted by Arthur Winograd. MGM E 3634, $3.98.	In addition to intrinsic interest, these works have one other element in common—excellent performance by the various ensembles under Winograd's well-calculated direction. Outstanding in this respect are the Shostakovich octet pieces (four violins, two cellos, two violas) of 1925, brilliantly performed by a group headed by Max Hollander, violin, with Emanuel Vardi and Walter Trampler, violas, Charles McCracken and Claus Adam, cellos, among his associates. The pieces are not profound, but full of ingenuities. The sparkling Stravinsky octet of 1922-23, so prophetic of his later styles, numbers Julius Baker, flute, and Alexander Williams, clarinet, among its players. —I. K.

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Salzburg

Continued from page 45

act of "Aïda," or when they get around to performing Goethe's "Faust," promised for the near future. By the use of special partitions and platforms, the house can be converted within minutes into a magnificent concert hall.

Standing in the middle of the enormous stage you have the disconcerting feeling of being lost in a large railroad station. There are rails in the floor, lighting signals on top, and immense machinery. At the express wish of Karajan, who hopes to produce as well as to conduct here, a special recess of thirty feet was carved out of the mountain to provide space for special projections from the back of the stage. The width of the stage is the same as that of the stage of the Felsenreitschule, and somehow the spirit has been preserved too, but the weather will no longer interfere and you will not have to sit shivering through a whole "Magic Flute." The Mönchsberg, closely behind the backstage, created some bad atmospheric effects and a ten-foot-deep steel structure had to be built three feet away from the rock surface, fitting the shape of the flexible cyclorama. It has the necessary isolating effect, is heated (to neutralize the dampness of the mountain), and provides stage galleries in the rear of the stage. The large cyclorama moves along this curve. A smaller cyclorama is used for the normal fifty-five-foot-wide stage.

The main stage has five stage lifts, seventy-five feet wide and ten feet deep, and the scenery is brought on stage either from below or from the vast side stages on both sides, each fifty-five feet

wide and twenty-seven feet deep. The lighting apparatus is said to be the most advanced on earth, a veritable organ of lights that will play the most subtle nuances. The problem is who is going to play them. The Salzburg Festspielhaus, with its short annual summer season, cannot afford a year-round technical staff such as the Vienna Opera has. It took the technicians in Vienna a couple of years to get used to their "instrument" and to be able to make full use of it. The question in Salzburg is whether the enormous technical possibilities of the new house will ever be fully explored.

Karajan calls the acoustics of the new house "fantastic." "It has wonderful, intimate sound in spite of its size, and will be perfect for Mozart," he says. The tests made so far in the unfilled auditorium have been very successful. Hidden loudspeakers are built into the ceiling and the walls. The reverberation time is said to be a little shorter than in Vienna. The test will come only on opening night, when the audience will be seated, the curtain up and Lisa della Casa will utter the fine *parlando* nuances of the Feldmarschallin. If everybody hears everything during the first act of "Rosenkavalier," all will be well acoustically. "Rosenkavalier" was chosen as the opening work because it doesn't pose too many technical problems. "Don Giovanni," perhaps an apter choice for the opening of the greatest theatre in Mozart's birthplace, would have been too much of a risk. Karajan has not decided which Mozart opera will be the first performed in the new house; probably "The Magic Flute." It all depends on technical problems and how they can be solved.

The new Festspielhaus is a great theatre. Holzmeister, Karajan, and all

the others who contributed ideas have spared neither imagination nor money. Still, it leaves some questions unanswered. Will any producer ever be able completely to dominate the vast technical apparatus or will he merely become a sorcerer's apprentice, caught between the rails and machinery and lighting bridges? Think of the old Greeks who produced great art in their amphitheatres — without loudspeakers, lighting bridges, and stage lifts.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Double "Pictures," Berlin "Freischutz"

SINCE midsummer is not popularly held to be a favorable season for launching important new recording projects, Decca has decided to mark its LP decade with a lengthy list of backlog stereo releases. Although stereo discs have been with us for barely two years, several major companies had been building up a potential stereo catalogue since 1955—an admirable piece of foresight, or so it seemed until it became clear that dramatic advances in the technique of stereo presentation had served to render much of the earlier material technically obsolete. In particular does this apply to opera, a field in which Decca has won special renown with a series of productions brilliantly conceived in terms of dramatic realism.

Among its June issues are several earlier efforts such as the Viennese "Zauberflöte," "Andrea Chénier" from Rome, and the Genevese performance of Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." The last of these is superbly recorded and Ansermet's subtle and sensitive performance remains a joy, but stereo reveals a concert version, not a simulated stage presentation. "Die Zauberflöte" sounds entirely haphazard *qua* stereo, with characters appearing anywhere and everywhere without the slightest dramatic motivation. This would be a matter for real regret, save that, except for Simoneau's elegant Tamino and the lovely playing of the Vienna Philharmonic, the performance is mostly undistinguished, the dialogue completely absent. "Chénier," of later vintage, represents a step in the right direction even if it cannot quite compare with subsequent triumphs. (Incidentally, Mozartians anxious to acquire a stereo "Zauberflöte" would do well to wait, since Klemperer is scheduled to record it for Columbia and there is just a possibility of a Glyndebourne set, provided Beecham is fit to conduct this year's revival as planned.)

Works whose natural habitat is the concert hall fare much better in this respect; among those just released are Brahms's 4th Symphony (Kubelik), Vaughan Williams's 8th and Partita (Boult), Mozart's B flat Concerto, K. 595, and the "Turkish March" Sonata (Backhaus), Bach's "Musical Offering" (Münchinger) and Ansermet's fine performances of the Fauré Requiem (with Danco and Souzay), Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite and the Debussy Nocturnes. Although none of these is of very recent vintage, all are first-rate stereo recordings well able to hold their own alongside the best, most modern achievements of Decca's rivals. Very welcome, too, is an entirely new disc (mono and stereo) by that most flexible of chamber groups, the Vienna Octet. This couples Beethoven's Quintet, Opus 16, for piano and wind instruments with Spohr's Octet in E.

After some delay, RCA has at last turned up trumps with its eagerly awaited disc by the Juilliard Quartet playing Schubert ("Death and the Maiden" and the Quartettsatz). These magnificent performances represent the first appearance here on stereo of a string quartet unencumbered by "outsiders"; though the disc is slightly marred by excessive tape-hiss, it proves how much this purest of instrumental combinations stands to gain from stereo.

By a curious chance—or could it be intentional?—the RCA list also features Horowitz's 1951 Carnegie Hall performance of "Pictures at an Exhibition," just as Philips decided to let us have Richter's public performance of the same work, recorded in Sofia on February 25, 1958, and already honored in France by a Grand Prix du Disque. Neither disc is technically ideal; Horowitz's piano sounds excessively loud and clangy, while Richter has to contend with a heavy background noise (at any rate on the first side) as well as with an audience coughing with rare brio (Sofia at the time was just emerging from a heavy influenza epidemic), but these drawbacks matter little compared with the unique opportunity of matching two such titans of the keyboard. First reactions could be summarized by describing Richter's playing as the more picturesque, Horowitz's the more exhibitionist, yet there is more to it than can be met by a convenient quip!

The fact is that, try as we may, we can no longer listen to Moussorgsky's tribute to Hartmann in black-and-white keyboard terms, because Ravel is forever sitting at our side with the open score of his brilliant orchestral version on his lap. What makes Richter's reading so uncommonly interesting—apart, of course, from his astonishing, if not flawless, execution—is his ability to escape from the shadow of Ravel: he plays the work as though he had never heard the transcription, and I cannot recall a performance of this music in which delicacy and brilliance, strength and subtlety have been so perfectly blended. Horowitz, on the other hand, suggests a pianist consciously pitting his prodigious skill against the full orchestral palette, determined to outbid Ravel with but one pair of hands. To achieve this, he frequently amplifies the composer's "orchestration" with additions of his own devising—with results that are immensely exciting but also, alas, somewhat superficial.

From HMV this month comes the best stereo realization of an opera yet offered by this company: a Berlin performance of Weber's "Freischütz." Though burdened with a libretto fully as absurd and naïve as any Italian bel canto opera, this work has never lost its hold on the German public, thanks to the warmhearted beauty of much of the music. On records we are mercifully spared some of the absurdities which so delighted our Victorian forebears, such as the fearful apparition of the Black Hunter and the specters of the Wolf's Glen, but I would question the wisdom of including so much spoken dialogue, especially since the latter is for the most part abysmally banal.

Musically, this performance is far more distinguished than Decca's early LP set, with superb playing from the Berlin Philharmonic under Keilberth's sure and solid, if not particularly subtle, direction. Elisabeth Grümmer, though vocally just past her best, is an Agathe in the best German tradition, thoroughly sympathetic and full of gentle radiance; Rudolph Schock sings Max's music most agreeably, apart from occasional signs of strain in the upper reaches of his voice. Lisa Otto's Aennchen does not fully convey the character's gaiety and charm, though she sings very competently, but Karl Kohn's Caspar is every inch the villain while Hermann Prey gives us a suitably imperious Ottokar. Gottlob Frick's Hermit, sonorous of voice and portentous in manner, sounds not unlike Gurnemanz—and there is a splendid chorus from Berlin's Municipal Opera.

The recording is most vivid and crisp; if anything, the characters are apt to move about too restlessly, especially during the spoken dialogue, when I found it difficult on occasion to account for sudden shifts in location. Nevertheless it is a splendid achievement which should delight opera-lovers and prove of no little interest to collectors of recorded artillery. One word of warning: when Max shoots an eagle with one of Caspar's free-bullets toward the end of Act I, it is better to keep well clear of your speakers, for a moment later the huge bird fell right at my feet and nearly frightened the life out of me.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Dvorak for Voices

THAT Antonín Dvorak was a productive composer of many varieties and forms of music is a fact with which, in recent decades, we have not been much urged to become familiar. A diminutive fragment of his output continues to be played and replayed. But—among much else in the catalogue of his works—his seven completed operas and his numerous large choral works mostly remain dumb this side of the Moldau. To be offered a superb recording of his "Requiem Mass," Opus 89, and an idiomatic version of his comic opera "The Devil and Kate" is to be offered a happy chance to obtain a clearer, larger picture of an always attractive and sometimes intensely moving composer.

"The Devil and Kate," composed during 1898 and 1899 to a viable libretto by Adolf Wenig, a young Prague schoolteacher, just preceded Dvorak's operatic masterwork, "Rusalka," in the list of his stage works. A folk opera on a farcical supernatural subject devoid of amorous byplay, "The Devil and Kate" was first sung at the Czech Theater, Prague, on November 23, 1899. It has had a long, though not notably prosperous, career in Central European opera houses in both the original Czech and a German translation. Few productions of it have been staged elsewhere. Now we have it (Artia ALPO-81 C/L, $14.94) on three 12-inch LPs, non-stereophonic, as recorded in Czechoslovakia by soloists, orchestra, and chorus of the Prague National Theater, conducted by Zdenek Chalabala. The recording has convincing depth and verisimilitude, but the voices of the six male and four female solo singers are, without exception, mediocre. Chalabala's conducting sounds provincial as he too often evokes ragged instrumental entries, but he almost makes us overlook these lapses by his vivacity and by the subtlety with which he molds the musical pace to the shifts in the story.

"The Devil and Kate" is through-composed, each of its three acts flowing continuously in somewhat the manner of a symphonic poem. The score rises but few times to lyric intensity, and it is unhappily at precisely those rare peaks that the singers most clearly fail. But the general humorous bustle—Dvorak could be humorous, hearty, even funny, but knew himself too well to essay wit—is engagingly written and performed. The pervasive Czech coloration is the more delightful because it overstays its welcome only by a little.

Equally excellent as recording, but on a much higher level as to both composition and performance, is the Deutsche Grammophon album (SLPM-138026/7, $13.96) of Dvorak's "Missa pro Defunctis," Opus 89. This Requiem was composed on commission from the Birmingham Festival, during which it was first sung on October 9, 1891. Majestic, profoundly stirring, altogether satisfying, it has been superbly performed by Maria Stader, Sieglinde Wagner, Ernst Haefliger, and Kim Borg, with the Czech Chorus and Czech Philharmonic Orchestra of Prague, conducted by Karel Ancerl. By themselves some of the sound-perspectives spun from these two records justify stereophonic equipment. Never having heard the Requiem before, I found myself deeply engrossed as its thirteen sections exfoliated from the somber leading motive stated at the opening. Not perhaps so mightily inspired as Mozart's or Verdi's Requiem, nor so searing as Berlioz's, this one strikes me as far more impressive than Fauré's. That it is built to survive through many hearings, constantly improving in the attentive listener's mind, I have no doubt.

Ancerl's conducting is precisely right, technically masterful. From the fine chorus and orchestra he extracts beautifully balanced and exquisitely modulated sound. In the highly poetic "Requiem aeternam," Maria Stader's pure soprano sets the extremely high standard of singing which is held to throughout. Dvorak has set the "Recordare Jesu pie" as a vocal quartet of sovereign beauty and emotional persuasiveness—and here again we have full reason to thank Mmes. Stader and Wagner, Messrs. Haefliger and Borg. Only in those hellish sections in which the text talks of terror does Dvorak's generally eupeptic, optimistic muse fail him. He was not, for example, well advised to discard the traditional plainsong melody of the "Dies irae" for an undistinguished melody of his own devising. But back home with his own nature in "Domine Jesu Christe, rex gloriae," he gave the bass many measures of great music, of which Borg takes advantage to the full. But the most original and striking section is surely the "Sanctus" as introduced by the bass, enlarged by a chorus of altos, joined in by the tenor and soprano, and then opened out by the entire chorus. Having found this ground plan good, Dvorak used it again in the "Benedictus," toward the end of which he found reason to unleash real tempests of sound. From here on, through the curtailed "Agnus Dei" to the close, the music purposefully and convincingly diminishes. To me, at least, this wonderful composition seems a far greater accomplishment than those purely orchestral works on which Dvorak's Western reputation largely continues to depend. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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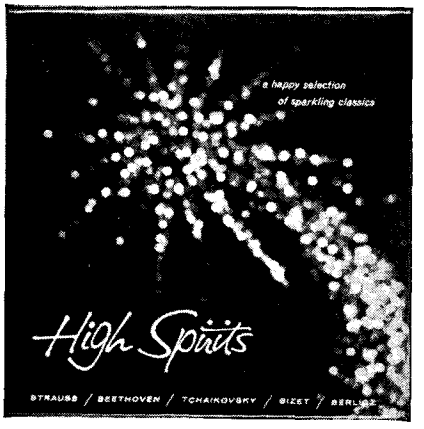

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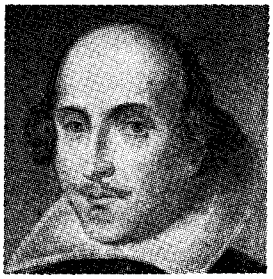

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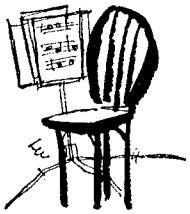
THE American Society of Concerts-in-the-Home makes its debut on the market with an album of six stereophonic records (1001-6, $35.70) entitled "The Royal Music of Europe." We are assured that the collection brings us "the masterpieces written for the entertainment of kings and princes in the most brilliant era of musical history" and that it "re-creates the musical atmosphere of Europe's glittering courts." I am not myself royalist nor even snob enough to find this sales pitch terribly appealing. I am not sure, indeed, what sense it makes on any terms when the repertory includes such things as one of Mozart's quartets dedicated to Haydn (a prince among musicians certainly, but we can't really imagine glittering old Louis XVI hailing him as a colleague); works by Haydn and Beethoven dedicated to noble but not in the least royal Erdödys and Schwartzenbergs; a piece designed by Handel for one of his London mass audiences; and a concerto written by Vivaldi for that strange Venetian institution with its mixed currents of Foundling Hospital, High School of Music and Art, and "Maedchen in Uniform," over whose musical destinies he presided.

For some reason, the American Society will not suffer its records to be just records. They are presented as "concerts in the home," and the six records make three such "concerts." The collection is uneven in quality, and it would be good to have the records made available separately. As things stand at present, there are some remarkable things here, but they are imprisoned, shackled to mediocre achievements in such a way that only the most affluent buyer would be tempted by the extravagant purchase of the whole album.

Quite the finest and most valuable of the records is the one devoted to French organ and harpsichord music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, played by Paul Maynard. The music has been well chosen (Le Begue, Dandrieu, Grigny, Louis and François Couperin are the most familiar names), and whether working at the lovely Holtkamp organ of the General Theological Seminary in New York City, or at his own Hubbard and Dowd harpsichord, Mr. Maynard plays beautifully. He is not extravagantly romantic in his fancies; neither is he stiff-necked; and he is certainly not on that middle road which, according to Schoenberg, is the only one that does not lead to Rome. Many listeners will be familiar with Maynard's work with the New York Pro Musica, but this is his first appearance as a soloist on records. At a time when there are many organists and harpsichordists, and almost no very good ones, we need to hear much more of players like Paul Maynard.

On the other records, the outstanding contribution is Samuel Baron's performance of Vivaldi's "Goldfinch" Concerto for flute and strings in D. Among the other appealing items are a record of chamber and orchestral music by Purcell, Pergolesi, Boyce, and Telemann, played by the Saidenberg Little Symphony under Daniel Saidenberg, and by the Gotham Baroque Ensemble. Saidenberg, who is listed as musical director for the whole recorded project, also conducts Telemann's delightful "Don Quixote" (the Washington record by Newell Jenkins is more sensitive, though) and some fine Handel, including an arrangement of one of the organ concertos with the solo part alotted to a second orchestra, and the familiar G minor oboe concerto with Harry Shulman playing tastefully.

The remainder is less impressive. Beethoven's rather dull Quintet for Piano and Winds is here, done quite poorly by a group of New York players. A Bach trio sonata, almost certainly intended for two violins and continuo,



is played on flute and oboe. This is a most unfortunate idea because the music constantly runs off the bottom ranges of the instruments and needs to be transposed up, and because not even such a virtuoso as Harry Schulman can sound anything other than painfully uncomfortable at the speed with which he has to negotiate such un-oboistic music. Finally, there is a pair of string quartets, Mozart's "Hunt," K. 458, and Haydn's very great D major, Opus 76, No. 5, in readings by the Claremont Quartet that are flabby and unaware.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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The Amen Corner

Ornette and Others

THE composer and alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman, several times discussed in this space, is now the talk of the jazz world and will probably have to face the challenges that come with Big Publicity. This should be an interesting situation, for Ornette's music contains many elements that will appeal to hectic, pretentious writers and novelty-hawking press agents; it is a peculiar music which is sure to strike many orthodox ears as unintelligible; its many subtle merits are not likely to be clear to those who are not already pretty well steeped in the jazz language, modern as well as traditional. Thus, we have already had a good deal of emphasis placed on Ornette's propensity for elaborate wailing, whining, and other more or less raucous, vocalized expressions (he is, to be sure, a rococo wailer). The impression has been given that his is primarily a kind of banshee music. But the prevailing interest does not come from Ornette's yawps and squeals, fits and spasms (however natural they may be, and expressive in their own way), but from wonderfully piquant, eccentric linear ideas, characterized by many abruptly broken rhythms and a great feeling for the rest (what might be called the syncopation of silences). These ideas serve as a basis for extremely free and fine improvisatory and group-improvisatory fancies by Ornette, his trumpeter Don Cherry, and their bassist and drummer. Ornette's latest LP is "Change of the Century" (Atlantic 1327), which I find unpleasantly scrambling and strident in many parts, but there is also a great deal of electricity in these circuits.

Another leader of the jazz avant-garde is the composer and brilliant bassist Charlie Mingus. Where Coleman is noteworthy for his pyrotechnic fancy and wit, Mingus's music has often been marked by a thick-textured, somber emotionalism. His latest program, "Blues and Roots" (Atlantic 1305), is for nine-piece band and, as its title would imply, draws heavily on folk-blues and folk-religious sources. Mingus declares, "I was born swinging and clapped my hands in church as a little boy, but I've grown up and I like to do things other than just swing. But blues can do more than just swing. . . . We played down to earth and together, and I think this music has a tremendous amount of life and emotion." This seems to me a clear suggestion of the music's direction, and anything Mingus plays is subtly made, but I am not moved by his specific musical ideas, which, among other things, strike me as lacking in the lyrical element for which Afro-American folk music is famous. It may be unjust to expect lyricism from Mingus, but, especially in view of his sources, I cannot help doing so.

There is high buoyancy in another folk-inspired album, "Them Dirty Blues" (Riverside RLP 12-322), by the Cannonball Adderley Quintet. Alto saxophonist Julian Adderley and his brother Nat, cornet, are infectious people, backed and interpenetrated by a powerful rhythm section, and the musical atmosphere here is singing and affirmative.

One of the prime followers of the modern jazz trombone master J. J. Johnson is young Julian Priester, who now is heard in his first starring album (Riverside 12-316) with the finest sort of younger-generation support from Jimmy Heath, tenor sax, Tommy Flanagan, piano, Sam Jones, bass, and Elvin Jones, drums. Priester's is an opulent, versatile, sharply etched style, full of staccato command. It may strongly suggest Johnson's, but Priester is an original—as is shown by the fact that he composed four of the eight numbers in his album, and that they are very fetching, deftly turned numbers. The record is also especially valuable, for me, as the latest demonstration of the elastic, easy genius of the drummer Elvin Jones.

The cosmopolitan jazz pianist André Previn and His Pals—Shelly Manne, drums, and Red Mitchell, bass—this month address their celebrated talents to the music by Leonard Bernstein from "West Side Story" (Contemporary M 3572). After several playings I am unable to find anything very compelling about Bernstein's basic thematic material; but no matter—I know that I will continue to discover new felicities in Previn's handling of it. This sort of thing has happened before. Previn is what might be called a musical sleeper. The first impression is of a luminous stream, so luminous that you may notice only the general shimmer. But then you can begin to pan the gold. As I have indicated before, I suppose his richness comes from his mixture of musical cultures—European and American. Let us have more solid musical culture, of any sort, in jazz and less pompous myth-making about "funk" and "soul."

Out of twelve newly issued numbers by the high priestess of café chi-chi, Mabel Mercer, I have been able to discover only one that packs real perfume. But that one is a beauty—Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh's "You Fascinate Me So"—a wicked and witty chanson sung with throaty persuasion against a mesmeric, vamping piano. It is the last recording track on "Merely Marvelous" (Atlantic 1322). —WILDER HOBSON.

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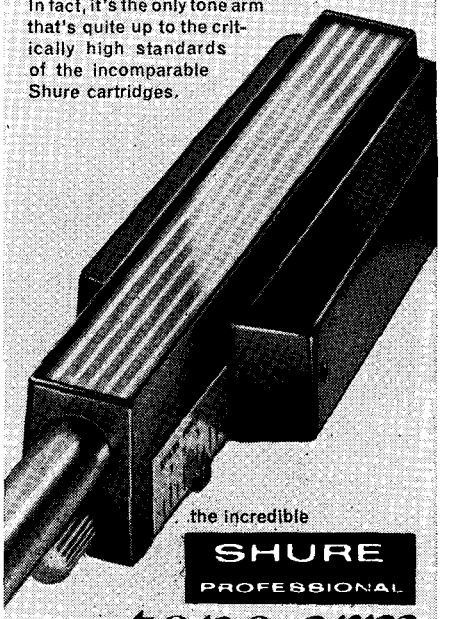

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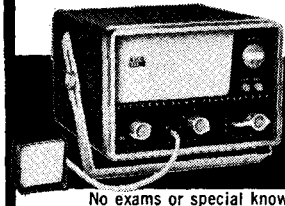

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RECORDINGS EDITOR

POULENC A DEUX

PLEASE PASS THIS on to Robert A. Cullins, who wanted to know about an LP version of Poulenc's Piano Concerto in D minor by Whittemore and Lowe [*SR*, May 28].

I have this recording on RCA LM 1048, backed by Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn. The conductor is Dimitri Mitropoulos. If Mr. Cullins has any difficulty in obtaining a copy, I would like him to contact me.

Congratulations to your entire staff. *SR* is a gem in a field of mediocrity. We enjoy every issue.

ALAN DODGE.

Glen Cove, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks to reader Dodge and to an even dozen others who responded to the query.*

BY REQUEST

JAN HOLCMAN'S fine interview with Horowitz [*SR*, Apr. 30] leaves only one question unanswered—when and what is he going to record; preferably some concertos?

In France, EMI-Pathé-Marconi has issued his early Liszt Sonata and Schumann Arabeske and Toccata on "Great Recordings of the Century" COLH 72. Will Angel release this here?

Other "nonexistent favorites" which ought to be recorded:

1. Frescobaldi—organ works by Germani.
2. Schubert—Symphony No. 7 (D. 729) in E by Beecham.
3. Schubert—Piano Sonata No. 19 (D. 958) in C minor by Richter.
4. Schumann, etc.—Lieder by Victoria de los Angeles.
5. Verdi—"La Traviata" with Joan Sutherland.

How unfortunate that the RCA Victor memorial recording for Leonard Warren contains so much previously issued material. Is there any possibility of releasing arias that have been taped from his broadcasts, such as "Ernani," "Simon Boccanegra," etc., which are otherwise unavailable?

P. L. FORSTALL.

Evanston, Ill.

DETAIL ON DISTLER

THE UNDERSIGNED is a subscriber to *Saturday Review* and of course, as a great admirer of its recording section, was delighted to read Oliver Daniel's piece on "German Contemporaries" in which he paid tribute to such composers as Pepping, David and Distler [*SR*, May 28].

The important works of these composers, it should be noted, are published by Baerenreiter Music Publishers, Kassel and New York, and have in part found their way into the Protestant, particularly the Lutheran, churches of this country. In fact, they have given, together with works of Siegfried Reda, Jan Bender, Johannes Driessler, Kurt Thomas, and others, impetus to much music for choruses and for the organ written by young Americans creative in the field of religious music.

Just one correction: The religious music on records to which Mr. Daniel has reference is no longer available from the Seminary Press of Valparaiso, but for almost a year now has been handled by the Sacra Disc Music Society, New York and Los Angeles. I am sure your interested readers would like to know that the label on which these works have appeared is Cantate.

HANS ROSENWALD.

New York, N. Y.

AUDITORIUM AND ACADEMY

I WAS AMUSED to learn from the article by Peter Jacobi, "Can Chicago's Auditorium Be Saved" [*SR*, May 14], that I appear to to be as poorly informed as he is.

We are even on the score that I have never heard of him and certainly he has never heard of me. Again we are even on the score that I have never heard of the Chicago Auditorium and he has never heard of Philadelphia's Academy of Music.

For those persons who live in the hinterland west of the Schuylkill or north of the Delaware, it should be mentioned that the Academy has been standing since before the Civil War, having celebrated its hundredth birthday a few years ago. No hall in America and very few in Europe have the musical memories of the Academy, for not only has every singer of note since the 1860s appeared on its stage, but every instrumentalist as well. Caruso, Galli-Curci, Chaliapin—by the time such as they appeared on the Academy stage, it was famed for opera singers of the pre-de Reszke era. It has been the home of the Philadelphia Orchestra for sixty years, it has been the scene of the Metropolitan Opera for more years than I can remember, which is forty years, it was Rachmaninoff's favorite place to play with his favorite orchestra, its acoustics can nowhere be matched. Paderewski, Cortot, de Pachmann, Stokowski, Kreisler—the question is rather who has *not* appeared there. How many debuts, how many premieres, both world and American, have been preformed there! I hope the Chicago Auditorium is saved, but let Mr. Jacobi say not "Next to New York's Metropolitan, the Auditorium ranks as America's most noble hall of musical memories," unless he is speaking of things moribund or defunct, for the Academy of Music has taken a new lease on life in her second century and has been more active than ever this past season.

RICHARD W. FOSTER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As the home of Chicago's famous opera company as well as the host to many touring attractions, the Auditorium Theatre can claim to be unique with no discredit to the Academy of Music.*

CANCELLED CONTEMPORARIES

I READ WITH great interest Mr. Freed's article "Casualties in Contemporaries" [*SR*, May 14]. Here are some footnotes on the withdrawal by M-G-M Records of its serious music list.

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At the time of the decision to cut out all but a handful of classical releases (and Mr. Cole's subsequent departure from M-G-M) there had been recorded several hundred reels of tape—most of it unedited to this day—comprising not only an impressive list of modern works but a considerable body of classical as well. Many of the modern works were written on direct commission from M-G-M Records, highly unusual procedure these days! But it is apparently not now contemplated to bring any of this material to light.

Here, in no particular order, is a sampling:

Works of Mozart (the complete Divertimenti, Cassations, and Serenades; all recorded, four released).
Schubert: the complete piano sonatas and fragments (only several released).
Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Haydn trios by the Beaux Arts Trio.
Grieg: Piano music, Menahem Pressler.
Bartók: Piano music, William Masselos.
Hindemith: The Kleine Kammermusiks (two finished, not released).
Hovhaness: Various orchestral works.
Surinach: "Sinfonia Chica" and "The Embattled Garden" (orchestra).
Orbon, Suk, Casella, Milhaud (a viola concerto), Purcell ("Abdelazer"), Rieggier, Revueltas, Ives, Harris, Malipiero, Cowell and others.
Plus a dandy Stephen Foster Album.

The evident loss to M-G-M of thousands in recording fees is matched only by the very real loss and disappointment to the artists and composers involved in hundreds of hours of preparation and recording. Indeed, some artists are unable to perform certain works elsewhere on records at present due to contractual commitments to M-G-M.

The sad fact is that these are not "cut-outs"; they never got *into* Schwann.

ROBERT E. BLAKE.
New York, N.Y.

QUERY ON GUILLEAUME

WHAT HAS BECOME of Margot Guilleaume, that marvelous soprano revered by a few fortunate record collectors for her matchless performance of Bach's Cantata No. 51 ("Jauchzet Gott") on the Renaissance label, now out of print?

H. V. D. PHILIDOR.
New York, N.Y.

PLAYERS AND CONDUCTORS

I HAVE SEEN the letter and editor's note entitled "Horns for Fidelio" in the May 28 issue. Mr. Howell, as I read his statement, seems not to deny that the "Fidelio" in question was indeed marred by unfortunate horn work, but rather to suggest that causes beyond the control of the player often hinder and sometimes actively prevent maximum performance. Your editor's note in reply seems to evade this very important central issue.

As principal trumpet of more than one major symphonic organization during the past twenty years, I have myself seen too many situations arise encompassing the precise order of events as feared by Mr. Howell: the momentarily errant conductor, the resultant inevitable orchestral mishap, the sometimes thoughtless review, followed, on occasion, by the misguided action on the part of the board of directors.

Just as an orchestra commonly plays well with the expert help of an adequate conductor, there are also occasions on which an orchestra is called upon to play well *in spite of* the conductor. Granted that the lay musician is often unaware of the incidence of such demands, criticism of an individual player at such a time seems rather like chiding a hanged man for his inability to breathe easily.

In fairness to the orchestral artist, then, I would hope that a sophisticated review might well acknowledge such possibility among the other complex circumstances of orchestral performance.

ROBERT WEATHERLY,
Principal Trumpet,
St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.
Affton, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The specific mistake occurred not only in the two performances but also at the dress rehearsal. Karl Böhm's direction could hardly be blamed for all three, audible even to unsophisticated ears.*

YOUR MUSICAL ARTICLES, coverages, and reports have always struck me as more than satisfactory. Let us hope that nothing in the future will prevent your maintaining these high standards.

I should like to make mention of a condition which has become increasingly noticeable and therefore, in this instance, increasingly curious and annoying to me. As if a large number of our internationally known conductors were not concerned to maintain this, record critics, reviewers, and the like have all united forces in a complicity against that seemingly and unjustifiably ever-to-be-condemned instrument, the kettledrum. Judging from the innumerable disparagements and invectives which I have heard and read thrown at the tympani, one might very well, and especially if he were incapable of distinguishing criticism from criticastry, rest on the conclusion that there was something *a priori* offensive about the instrument and that a conductor could do little more than gesticulate placatingly at the kettledrummer lest that "scoundrel of the kitchen" should allow his scoundrelish companion to, as Mr. Kolodin was pleased to put it, "get out of hand"!

It is obvious, of course, that it is not the drum or the drummer and certainly not Beethoven who is at fault, but that Mr. Hendl is the culprit who in his just-released recording of the Beethoven 3rd Piano Concerto (Gary Graffman, piano soloist) allowed the thumping monster to lift its head. Let us hope that in following recordings of Hendl's, Mr. Kolodin will not relegate him to the position, mercilessly, of other "allow-the-kettledrum-to-get-out-of-handers" such as Toscanini, Dorati, Paray, Boult, Rodzinski, Munch, Barbirolli, Scherchen, to mention but a few.

JOHN C. POLIFRONIO.
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Out of hand," unfortunately, is not out of mind.*

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Edited by DORIS NASH WORTMAN

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Book Industry

Continued from page 15

to know that the 1959 GNP value is converted to 1929 dollars by Government implicit price deflators, while the value of 1959 book sales is deflated in terms of the reading and recreation component of the BLS Cost of Living Index.)

To argue the generality of overproduction in the book industry is really a waste of time. The real heart of the argument lies in these specific questions: Just where has increased production most occurred? In what subject categories and in what segments of the industry? In what kinds of books for what classes of readers?

In approaching these questions one should know that book publishing is a varied and rather highly segmented industry. Trade book publishers produce many kinds of books on many, many subjects, and so do textbook publishers. Neither has much interest in common with the other, nor much influence, if any, on the other. Publishers in such fields as law, medicine, business, religion, and science and technology live and produce in worlds of their own, with little or no reference to the world of general books. The same can be said of other specialists, such as the publishers of children's books and of encyclopedias. And the same could be said of university presses until a few years ago, when a number of them started to push over into trade and textbook publishing.

NOW, just where in all this complex of the book industry have the greatest increases in new titles come? In order to get at specific answers to this question, I have measured the growth of two large categories of books on kindred subjects as classified in the *Publishers' Weekly* annual reports—again for the thirty-year period 1929-59. For want of better labels I have called one category "Literary Books" and the other "Practical and Professional Books."

This particular division was made because I am sure that most proponents of the postulate would protest, saying, "But we were not talking about practical and professional books, or handbooks, or textbooks, or how-to-do-it books and such, many of which probably shouldn't be called books at all." (I have heard such statements made to bookish audiences, who never fail to gurgle full approval.) Yet they must be talking about this kind of book, for the record shows that the Practical and Professional category accounts for much the larger part of the total increase in new-book production over the thirty-year period. Actually, the number of Practical and Professional Books published in 1959 was 94 per cent over the number published in 1929, while the number of Literary Books was only 9 per cent higher. Table II reveals some significant growth patterns by subject classification.

The most provocative trend shown in this table is the large increase in published fiction in the past decade, a period in which originally published novels have been almost stone dead in the market place. The answer to this riddle lies, of course, in the increased support of fiction by magazine and newspaper serialization and by book clubs and other reprinters. Americans are increasingly reading novels in reprint form, and American publishers, with very few exceptions, are now relying on reprint income for whatever profits they may be able to derive from fiction.

Another remarkable growth pattern is seen in scientific and technical books. From the production figures for these subjects, it would seem that the publishers of such books would be the ones to cry in anguish for fewer books. But not so. These publishers think their stepped-up production rate is just dandy. They are, in fact, having to scramble to keep up with their exploding subject matter and their almost limitless publishing opportunities.

Speaking of the flourishing of science and scientific publishing suggests a pause here to give an answer to Mr. Huebsch's earlier question, "Does the increase in book production really indicate a rise in the level of our culture?" In this connection, I would answer, "Yes, it does. And moreover it indicates a change, a basic and sweeping change, in the pattern of our culture." This change has come in recent years with the new Scientific Revolution—a change which has been brilliantly described by Sir C. P. Snow in his recently published "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution" (Cambridge). The importance and the consequences of this change are almost wholly ignored by publishers who know only the "literary" side of publishing. They fail to see that this revolution has in recent years caused a sweeping change in the publishing pattern to fit the changing cultural pattern. Sadly enough, as Sir Charles points out, the tradition-bound adherents of our "literary" culture only bury their heads in their hands and refuse to look when the change is pointed out to them.

Another burgeoning segment of publishing from which one hears no complaint is juvenile books. Here the annual production of new titles increased by 60 per cent in the years 1949-59, and dollar sales also increased by 350 per cent! I cite this record of the past decade because it spanned the relentless and ruinous rise of television, which supposedly usurped all our children's time. And it happened while many authorities, both professional and amateur, were telling us over and over again that Johnny can't read, and wouldn't even if he could. Naturally, the publishers of juveniles wonder, not unhappily, if Johnny isn't reading all these books, who is?

There are several other categories that have expanded rapidly in both number of titles and sales volume, including fine arts and music, both of which again owe much to the influence of television. History is still another, but here one cannot trace so surely the influence of TV. At any rate, enough has been said, I think, to support the point that the book industry has grown far beyond its traditional hard-core interest in creative literature, and that most of the expansion in the past three decades has come in fields that are not a part of our traditional literary culture. This the bewailers, the callers for fewer and better books, have failed to perceive. And they have also failed to perceive that their bewailing is quite hurtful to the book industry as a whole.

JUST how is it hurtful? First, it encourages book review editors and their reviewers, along with librarians and booksellers, to feel that they are being more and more swamped every year by ever higher floods of books with which they cannot possibly cope. Theirs is a natural feeling, but why should publishers help to exaggerate it? Other occupational and professional classes have learned how to cope with increases of products or services that have run far higher than 46 per cent over the past thirty years. Are the reviewers, librarians, and booksellers justified in their constant, and constantly encouraged, complaint on this score?

Second, the bewailers encourage—even invite—the general public to believe that the book industry is *knowingly* producing and palming off each year a lot of superfluous trash—trash that would surely be eliminated if only the apostles of "fewer and better books" had their way. Certainly it is unfortunate that the whole industry should have to bear such a slander by those who appear to be indulging the purely personal and senseless satisfactions of breast-beating.

Is it not time for publishers to put a damper on their histrionics, to stop talking so freely in broad generalities, and to face more realistically the changes in the world for which they publish? I think so. Then we could in unison call for more and better books of all kinds for anybody and everybody who wants them.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1370

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In law, the tenancy of an estate by at least two persons or two interests.	42 169 87 198 80 115 35 143
B. The bud of Society.	155 14 41 183 102 19 177 71 128
C. Overbalance.	172 109 149 56 159 134 142 63
D. Goaded (to action).	164 22 141 146 119 11 98
E. Ninth-cent. king who consolidated regions around his own kingdom into "England."	52 140 94 100 165 69
F. Light cavalry soldier armed with a sort of spear.	31 122 68 44 166 75
G. The art of self-protection.	130 189 170 112 123 20 50
H. Ingenious expedient or contrivance.	147 126 89 103 76 187 9 118
I. Scenic phenomenon now recognized as symbolic of our Fiftieth State (2 wds.).	160 90 3 196 64 116 167 162 180 1 54
J. Crystallized juice of sugar cane.	88 139 4 175 150 53 101 23
K. A crescent-shaped body.	179 85 104 8 107 47 40 2
L. Scourge; chastise.	168 152 110 145 105 163
M. One thing each political party will gain in July, lose in November.	113 12 61 131 32 18 178 191 59
N. Vexed; disturbed (3 wds.).	57 173 161 29 125 70 93 26 45 117

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Excellence in ability, technique, etc.	49 151 97 195 27 39 182
P. Blunder.	157 10 78 91 133
Q. Scenic phenomenon for 200 miles of the great river of our Forty-ninth State (2 wds.).	171 65 58 114 30 193 51 106 24 46
R. Category of great government projects, often hush-hush ("Deep-freeze," etc.).	48 83 197 28 67 33 60 96 17
S. The word which many careless speakers mean when they say "less".	148 194 99 73 37
T. Sieglinde's husband (Nibelungen Ring).	72 5 129 13 176 135 95
U. Spanish bay, bet. town of the same name and Gibraltar.	36 21 108 43 137 127 15 16 66
V. Motorist who straddles the white line and won't move over (2 wds.).	184 138 81 124 156 120 136
W. Year-long function in "Pilgrim's Progress" whose name was applied to famous English novel (2 wds.).	188 181 92 74 62 38 158 55 77 154
X. Hasty; unceremonious.	153 6 121 25 82 174
Y. Signs of the alphabet in general use by Teutonic peoples circa 3rd cent.	84 132 190 185 79
Z. Law of Moses.	111 34 86 144 7 192 186

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 I	2 K		3 I		4 J	5 T	6 X	7 Z	8 K	9 H							
10 P	11 D	12 M	13 T	14 B	15 U		16 U	17 R	18 M		19 B	20 G		21 U	22 D	23 J	24 Q						
25 X	26 N	27 O	28 R		29 N	30 Q		31 F	32 M	33 R	34 Z	35 A	36 U	37 S	38 W		39 O						
40 K	41 B	42 A	43 U	44 F	45 N	46 Q		47 K	48 R	49 O	50 G	51 Q	52 E	53 J	54 I		55 W						
56 C	57 N	58 Q	59 M		60 R	61 M		62 W	63 C	64 I	65 Q	66 U	67 R	68 F	69 E	70 N							
71 B	72 T	73 S	74 W	75 F		76 H	77 W	78 P	79 Y	80 A		81 V	82 X	83 R	84 Y	85 K	86 Z						
87 A	88 J	89 H	90 I	91 P	92 W		93 N	94 E		95 T	96 R	97 O	98 D		99 S	100 E	101 J						
102 B	103 H	104 K	105 L		106 Q	107 K		108 U	109 C	110 L	111 Z	112 G		113 M	114 Q	115 A	116 I						
117 N	118 H	119 D	120 V	121 X		122 F	123 G	124 V		125 N	126 H	127 U	128 B	129 T	130 G		131 M						
132 Y	133 P	134 C	135 T	136 V		137 U	138 V	139 J	140 E	141 D	142 C	143 A		144 Z	145 L	146 D							
147 H	148 S	149 C	150 J	151 O	152 L	153 X	154 W	155 B		156 V	157 P		158 W	159 C	160 I		161 N						
162 I	163 L		164 D	165 E	166 F	167 I	168 L		169 A	170 G		171 Q	172 C	173 N	174 X	175 J							
176 T	177 B		178 M		179 K	180 I	181 W	182 O	183 B	184 V	185 Y		186 Z	187 H	188 W	189 G	190 Y						
	191 M	192 Z		193 Q	194 S	195 O		196 I	197 R	198 A													

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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